# MACLEAN'S

OCTOBER 15 1952 CANADA S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

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"REVOLT" OF THE ARMY

BY BRUCE HUTCHISON







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52M-18



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This is an Aluminum Company of Canada project — Canada's latest answer to the free world's sore need for strategic aluminum. Its realization will involve an area of 5100 square miles. Jobs to be done include: the raising of lakes a hundred feet or more above their present levels; building the largest rock fill dam in the Commonwealth; burning ten miles of tunnel through a mountain chain; creating and harnessing one of the world's highest water drops for power use; and stringing a transmission line between two mountain peaks — with bridge piers.

The potential output of aluminum from this "Mariner" project will be 500 000 metric tons annually.

Yes, this is among the very greatest things to happen to the West since the transcontinental railroads were built. One of the biggest strides yet in Canada's march to greatness.

In keeping with its tradition of pioneering with the pioneers, the Bank of Montreal recently opened a branch at Kitimat to provide banking facilities for the thousands of Canadians already at work there.

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EDITORIAL

# TEST PATTERN FOR CENSORSHIP

AMONG THE hidden premiums of Canadian television there is one which may some day be shared even by non lookers and non likers. More or less by accident TV threatens to undermine the whole concept of censorship as a state responsibility and throw it back where it belongs on the conscience of the free individual empowered to decide in freedom what is suitable for him and his children to read, see and hear.

Although the question has not been finally settled it seems agreed even by the unhappy censors themselves that the provincial film boards of Quebec and Ontario which censor all films for theatre use in those provinces have no power to censor films shown over the federally owned television stations in Montreal and Toronto. As television comes to other provinces it is a fair assumption that the same contradiction will arise. And since a censor's sheers are only as sharp as their dullest edge there is reason to hope that in time the whole apparatus of state movie censorship will be discarded and along with it the enfeebling and degrading notion that ideas and their presentation must be screened by the state without allowing or requiring the individuals who comprise the state to screen them for themselves.

Before the bluestockings descend we hasten to say that this is no plea for bigger and better bosoms in the sex magazines shorter and dirtier words in the novels or louder and bloodier murders in the theatre radio or TV. A great number of people are seriously concerned about the threat to taste and morals not to mention the affront to human dignity which these things represent. We're among them.

We just don't happen to think that censorship is the answer. To go further we think that any censor and in the context we are speaking of a public censor who censors in advance is both a nuisance and a menace. He's a nuisance because he attempts without argument or explanation to impose a single minimum standard of taste and morality on a whole nation assuming while doing so that all bosoms all monosyllables and all off stage death screams excite the same emotions in all people.

He's a menace because he encourages slothful and indifferent parents to believe that having themselves consented to be treated like children they have automatically saved their children from the hideous danger of being treated like adults. He's a menace because his mere existence and the philosophy behind it invite thousands of people to believe that if their offspring are reading harmful books or seeing harmful shows it's time somebody somebody else did something about it.

No counter offensive against filth for filth's sake can achieve even a partial success as long as its two biggest guns lie dormant. The first gun is the reading looking and listening public itself with its power to say with dollars what it will and will not stand for.

The second is the law. There are laws against indecency both in the world of entertainment and in the half world which sometimes hides indecency under the name of culture. If the laws are inadequate they should be strengthened if adequate they should be enforced. And they should be enforced where all laws were meant to be enforced in the courts. The argument that terms like taste and morality and decency are not easily subject to legal definition is persuasive only up to a point. If the judiciary with the whole body of our law behind it cannot establish consistent and workable precedents how can it be assumed that a handful of civil servants consulting nothing but their own prejudices and their vague codes of regulations will do better?

If TV even by accident should help to return the responsibility for public morality to the public and to the public's proper guardian the courts we'll all be in its debt. The all wise all intrusive all powerful censor will be a thing of the past. But as a nation we'll be more mature and perhaps we'll even be more virtuous.

## IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE



Ian Sclanders

Ian Sclanders who wrote The Rolling Republic and Doesn't Exist (pages 20 and 21) has left a well-loved New Brunswick where he served as Mayor Mentimes editor of the Daily two years and moved to Toronto to take up new duties. He'al does editor now writing fiction as a man's articles



H W Tetley

Bill Tetley

Albert Fick

Marjorie Earl (see page 24)

Franklin Arbuckle



MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Pierre Berton — Associate Ed tor
Blair Fraser — Ottawa Ed tor

Art Director Gene Aliano Assistant Desmond English

Assistant Editors Fred Bodsworth N O Scantlebury Hazel F Hammon Sidney Katz Editorial Moon McKenzie Porter Ian Sclanders

Editorial Assistants Joan Weatherseed Jeanie Tyrwhitt Joan York Lois Harrison

Douglas M Gowdy — Business Manager
Hal Tasse — Advertising Manager
S Wm Spice — Advertising Production Manager
George V Loughton — Circulation Director
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H Napier Moore — Editorial Director Marleon Hunter

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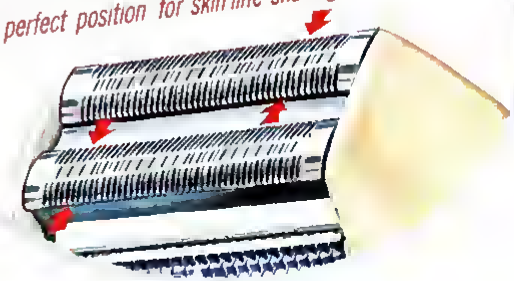
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See the New Schick "20" now at any Schick Electric Shaver Dealer's or any Schick Electric Shaver Shop (see your classified Phone Book). And note that you can buy it for yourself—or as a gift—on the No-Risk 10-Day Trial Plan, described below.

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## He's on honour student— but he'll never graduate

As any man whose career is serving the public in the Life Insurance business can tell you, *"an insurance agent's studies never cease until the day he retires."*

Keeping abreast of changing conditions is a big and important part of every agent's job. This is especially true today with countless factors of business and government directly affecting the needs for individual and family security. For example, old age pensions, participation in group pension or special retirement plans, as well as changing succession and estate laws, may affect an individual's insurance program.

This is why, to service policyholders effectively, it becomes the very real responsibility of all insurance agents to "keep posted."

Most Life Insurance Companies conduct formal training programs to help agents fulfill this responsibility. For example, at Metropolitan throughout Canada and the United States there is a full-time training staff of about 160 whose sole job is the *continual schooling* of the Company's Field organization of 21,000 members. In addition, Managers and Assistant Managers devote a substantial amount of time each week to training activities.

The scope of the Company's training activity in Canada and the United States is shown by the fact that approximately 2,100 Assistant Managers each year receive the equivalent of three weeks of special tutoring. Approximately 2,500 new Agents each year receive five to ten weeks of intensified training. Within the past two years, most of the Company's 7,355 Managers have received at least three weeks of special schooling.

Day in, day out for more than 21 years, this continuing program of education has helped to keep the thousands of Metropolitan Field Men and Women constantly up to date—equipped to do a *better job* of servicing the more than 33,000,000 Metropolitan policyholders in Canada and the United States.

For example, the advanced underwriting course—carrying with it the designation of Chartered Life Underwriter—has been completed by 416 candidates from the Metropolitan, and another 530 have completed one or more of these C. L. U. examinations.

Yes—this more or less formal schooling is only part of the story. Above and beyond the training supplied by the Company, Metropolitan Field people are also volunteer scholars, students on their own time. For like ambitious and intelligent people in any business, Metropolitan representatives are anxious to improve themselves so that they can continue to render an outstanding service to the public.

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**Metropolitan Life Insurance Company**

Home Office: New York

# London Letter



BY *Beverley Baxter*

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

I AM WRITING this London Letter from a hotel room in Dornoch, which means that we are a long way from London. As parliament had risen for the long recess it became imperative for the Baxter family to decide where it would go for a holiday, and the debate ranged over a wide territory.

The natural tendency of Britons is to get off the island and seek adventure on the Continent but Mr. Butler, our Chancellor of the Exchequer, is not in favor of that. He decided that twenty five pounds would be the limit that any of us could take if we crossed the Channel, a proposition which has a strongly deterrent effect except for those patient souls who are willing to travel in a coach with a specially conducted tour.

My son and daughter solved their problem by receiving an invitation from a French family in Brittany. However, it did nothing to solve the problem of my wife and myself.

Then Mrs. Baxter took the situation in hand. "Let's motor to Scotland," she said. "You are always arguing with the Scots over Home Rule or the Stone of Destiny or whether the Queen shall be called Elizabeth the First or Second; why not go and see the Scots on their own setting?" After all, your father's people came from Stirling and my mother was descended from the MacBeths and the MacIntoshes."

We were still arguing the matter when I ran into Sir David Robertson, who is the Tory MP for Caithness and told him of our dilemma.



Mrs. Baxter

"Now that was a mistake." Sir David is the irresistible force which refuses to recognize even the existence of the immovable mass. "You will come to Dornoch," he said. "Leave everything to me." Hour by hour, day by day, we received running instructions from him on the telephone. Road maps arrived with everything underlined, outlined and overlined. A double room would be waiting for us at such and such a hotel in Boroughbridge on the first night of our journey. Similar accommodation would be reserved at Glenesgles for the second night. At 5 p.m. he would meet us at the Dornoch Hotel where he and his wife were staying. All we had to do was to get the car out of our garage and start from London to the north.

By that time I was of no more importance than an innocent spectator in a gangster raid. All authority had passed from my hands.

This Celtic combination of David and my wife. I did, however, venture to raise one point of possible disagreement by pointing out to Mrs. Baxter that of all forms of transportation beyond a short distance motoring is the most disagreeable. A ship is a travelling luxury hotel, an aeroplane is dull but outthrills distance, a train avoids towns and carries you comfortably through the rolling countryside.

"Why not take an overnight sleeper?" I asked. "We would be in Dornoch before lunch and, anyway, what do you know about Dornoch?" In all these years we have been married I have never known you to express any longing for Dornoch. In fact, I do not believe that there is such a place."

"It is right at the top of Scotland," said my wife, as if that settled the matter. "If it had been at the bottom of Scotland or in the middle of an either side, she would no doubt have been willing to discuss the matter. But as it was right at the top there was nothing more to be said.

So on a Wednesday morning our car was backed out of the garage, gorged with petrol and enough suitcases to last us for six months. I have never understood the mystery of women's clothes. When worn they appear to weigh a few ounces, but when packed for travel they take up as much room as a grand piano and weigh rather more.

However, there is an undoubted exhilaration about taking to the open road. It brings back the days of the stage coach when travelers put up at a wayside inn for a merry meal served by a beaming host with pretty maids fluttering about, and good brown ale to wash it down. This is fun. I said, or at least it will be when we are out of London and get on the Great North Road."

The Great North Road. There is magic in the words. The Romans marched on it when they went on their

*Continued on page 41*





BLAIR FRASER

# BACKSTAGE at Ottawa

## *Fewer Guns, More Butter*

IN THE spring of 1949, after Doug Abbott's election budget, a Finance Department official remarked: "These Liberals are so lucky it's positively disgusting. They had to cut taxes this year for political reasons, but there are perfectly genuine economic reasons for doing it anyway. Election or no election, it's a logical time to increase the public's buying power."

Looking at 1953, External Affairs people say the Liberals' luck is still holding. Election or no election, the chances are that defense spending and therefore taxes would be reduced next year. Rightly or wrongly, the Western nations think the danger of war has sharply diminished in the past two years.

In January 1951 Canadians coming back from NATO meetings in Brussels and UN meetings in New York were really alarmed. At Brussels the appalling weakness of western Europe had been exposed and even thrashed out. At New York some Western delegations, notably the U.S., were still talking and acting as if ready to fight at the drop of a hat. It seemed reasonable to fear that the Soviet Union might begin to believe its own propaganda, believe that war with the West really was both inevitable and imminent and that the safest course would be to strike while Western strength was still disorganized and small. L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, thought the chances of keeping the peace through 1951 were no better than fifty-fifty. One eminent soldier would have bet six to four on war in August 1951.

Today the West is still outnumbered, the Soviet Union still aggressive in posture, the points of conflict between East and West still unresolved. Statesmen keep reminding us that no potential cause of war has been removed.

But the same reasoning that alarmed sober men at the beginning of 1951 is their comfort in the fall of 1952. They thought Stalin might strike last year because the gap between Soviet and Western strength was then at its widest. Today the gap has not been closed and the effort to close it is not proceeding as fast as perhaps it should, but the gap is narrower. We are no longer defenseless. If Stalin had decided on immediate war his best moment has already gone.

Other Western allies have already acted on this conclusion. NATO's paper programs are almost certain to be reduced this winter in line with accomplishments. Canada, the only country now delivering its NATO commitment in full, will presumably share in the scaling down.

Thus the Grits will be able to claim international approval for their 1953 election budget. Unless of course another crisis blows up, but even that might offer some political comfort. It could provide a stream for us not to change horses crossing.

* * *

COMMENCEMENT of CBC television brings to a head an argument that's been going on intermittently for two years. Who's to make the films for CBC newscasts and documentaries?

As long ago as 1948 the National Film Board saw in TV an opportunity for expansion. In July 1950 technicians of the Film Board and CBC began conferences on the best methods of co-operation.

There was consternation in the Film Board. *Continued on page 82*




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# MACKENZIE KING and the "REVOLT" OF THE ARMY

***Was the Canadian Army on the verge of an uprising in 1944? King said it was and sold himself and his Cabinet on a conscription policy in which he never believed. Here, told for the first time, is one of the strangest episodes in Canadian history***

**By Bruce Hutchison**

THE MOST critical thirty-five days in the political life of William Lyon Mackenzie King, and perhaps in the life of the Canadian nation, began on October 19, 1944, and ended on November 22. In those thirty-five days, after reaching the edge of personal ruin and national chaos, after resisting conscription until the eleventh hour, with a cabinet rebellion on his hands, with hostility toward his government growing by the hour in both French and English Canada, King accepted a limited form of conscription and induced a divided country to abide by his decision.

Up to a point, the story has been often told. The parts already known are as bizarre and dramatic as anything in our history. The part that isn't known is as strange as anything in fiction.

For overnight, at the height of The Crisis, on the eve of a decision he could no longer postpone, Mackenzie King either saw or thought he saw, or pretended to see, the Canadian Army on the verge of seizing political power through a sit-down strike or an open uprising. Much of the evidence suggests he invented this threat by self hypnosis to save his government, his nation and himself. The evidence that he used it to justify his abrupt about-face and to induce a reluctant cabinet to continue in his support is uncontrovertible.

By the summer of 1944 King thought the conscription crisis was already a thing of the past. In the plebiscite of 1942 he had induced the nation to accept the famous formula: Conscription if necessary but not necessarily conscription. Actually the plebiscite had no military significance for him. It was solely political, calculated at once to save his government from a rupture and the nation from a racial schism such as even his great mentor Laurier had been unable to bridge twenty-five years earlier. He had no intention of enforcing compulsory overseas service under any conditions. Only a few months earlier, moreover, he had had tea with General Montgomery in England as

A [illegible]

THE article which begins on these pages is a condensed extract from what the editors of Maclean's believe to be one of the most important and engrossing books ever written in this country. Bruce Hutchison's The Incredible Canadian is nominally a biography of William Lyon Mackenzie King. As a biography it would easily qualify as the most brilliant work of one of our most brilliant writers. But [illegible] for more than half a century of Canadian political and economic history. Canada over these decisive decades has been a battleground for the forces of light and darkness, and the struggle has been dramatized and personalized in the life of one man. [illegible]

The Incredible Canadian will be published by Longmans, Green in November. Maclean's will publish the second instalment in next issue.





*Still fighting off conscription on Nov. 1, 1944, King fired Ralston. In one reckless but pokerfaced gamble he risked his whole career.*

Montgomery was preparing the invasion of Normandy, Montgomery had assured him the war in Europe would be over before the end of the year. Now with the landings well launched and with the Canadian Army's headquarters and overseas staffs repeatedly assuring him that the army faced no serious manpower problems, King had good reason to hope the conscription issue would not arise again.

In August an interesting military signal from London crossed the desk of King's Defense Minister, Layton Ralston. Among all the innumerable colonels in Ottawa only Ralston was The Colonel, and that name described his unique place in the nation's life. The pale and haggard man with the massive chin, the limitless patience, the warm heart and the devout belief in God was the custodian of the Canadian soldier's faith in the government and the nation's personal guarantee that the war would be fought and won. As such he was essential to King and King knew it.

So far, Ralston had trusted King. A man of simple and direct mind, he had during the plebiscite crisis withdrawn his initial doubts—and also withdrawn a resignation from the Cabinet—and accepted at face value the promise that conscription would be used "if necessary."

The signal Ralston received from London on that August day in 1944 did not at first strike him as of great importance. He read and initialled it but did not show it to the Cabinet. Ralston's officers in England informed him merely that a shortage in the army reinforcement pool would be made up within two weeks.

No wonder Ralston failed to grasp the signal's meaning. His staff had told him and was still telling him that no reinforcement problem existed. All casualties would be replaced from the volunteer force now in training. The military experts had miscalculated the rate of casualties and the reinforcements available to replace them, but Ralston had no means of guessing that in Ottawa.

On Sept. 18 Major Conn Smythe, MC, the hockey magnate who had come home wounded from the war, told the newspapers that the reinforcements now joining the Canadian Army in Europe were "inexperienced and poorly trained" and that "as a result, casualties were unnecessarily high."

The Smythe interview angered Canada, disturbed King and staggered Ralston. Were the real facts being suppressed by the army command overseas or the staff at home? Ralston decided to find out for himself at first hand.

In Italy Ralston was asked by the officer in charge of reinforcements if he wanted the official version or the truth. Shocked at this opening question Ralston replied he wanted the truth. He was told the shortage of reinforcements was desperate. The figures proved it. After studying them he flew to the northern front and found the same answer at the Canadian headquarters there. In Brussels he learned that men wounded two and three times were being sent back into the line. The Canadians were to be used in clearing the west bank of the Rhine, where they would certainly face still heavier casualties far beyond replenishment by the available reinforcements.

As an old soldier himself, Ralston was thunderstruck. As a minister who had been misled, he was outraged. As a man long overworked and now self-accused of letting his army down, he was sick with anger and anxiety. He flew home on Oct. 18. In the evening he gave King a rough outline of the facts as discovered in Europe. From that night onward The Crisis spun hourly hour to its climax. A record of the next month reads almost like the stage directions of a play, with an ending almost beyond belief.

As summarized below, the record is unofficial, unauthorized and by the nature of the events involved can never be completely documented by anyone. Probably three or four pertinent private documents in existence, as well as Mackenzie King's diary. But the documents cannot tell the story because it was contained mainly in unrecorded conversations; the diary will tell it from King's viewpoint only.

What follows represents the recollections of seven major participants, three of whom have since died, among them King himself, who provided the most vital passages. Actually, much of this queer business is on the public record of parliament. The principle of cabinet secrecy thrown to the winds in such fragmentary and confusing fashion that few have bothered to put it together.

### October 19

Ralston reported to the War Committee of the Cabinet his findings in Europe. Immediate reinforcements were needed, he said, and could be secured only by the full use of conscription to send the home defense draftees overseas.

King listened in silence. He understood little of war on the military side, he distrusted the military mind, but he knew a political catastrophe when he saw it. And this clearly had the makings of a catastrophe for him, his Government and the nation larger than any since Confederation. As usual instead of meeting it head on he attempted to divert it.

As soon as Ralston finished his report King solemnly warned the Cabinet that conscription would split the country irreparably for a generation or at least. In any case, he said, conscription was not practical even from the immediate military standpoint. Before it could be invoked parliament must be called, probably an election would result from parliament's division, action on reinforcements would be delayed for at least two months and might then be too late.

This statement amazed Ralston. As he had feared, but never quite believed, King was slipping out of the bargain made in 1941. Without losing his temper Ralston reminded King of the promise that if conscription proved necessary it would be imposed instantly by order in council without a debate in parliament. Conscription could be applied in two days at most.

Louis St. Laurent, who now had become in the accepted leader of his people the interim of The Crisis in Quebec as Ralston was in English-speaking Canada, at once expressed strong sympathy with Ralston's views. He saw the need of reinforcements. But it was late in the day, he said, to change the *Continued in page 57*



POWER threatened when King snubbed his policy. The Prime Minister begged him to stay in a teetering Cabinet



ST. LAURENT [illegible] he had told the Quebec [illegible]



*On Nov. 22, with McNaughton filling Ralston's shoes, King about-turned and acceded to conscription. Was this defeat, or victory?*

# HOW THEY SAVED THE WORST KID IN TOWN

Abused and unloved far all of his seven years

Gardie was an almost unbearable brat.

But, after faur years af patient devated care

and guidance,

he's a healthy happy kid today



By SIDNEY KATZ

PHOTO BY KEN BELL

IN OCTOBER 1947 the Children's Aid Society of Toronto took into its care a pale spindly seven year old boy who was regarded by many adults who knew him as "the worst kid in town."

Gordie Runge, a fictitious name well merited his reputation. He wouldn't respond to the simplest requests. He broke his toys and furniture. He couldn't get along with adults and he was so belligerent that other children shunned him. He was continually asking for gifts and he would kick or punch the person who refused him. Sometimes he would lie on the floor shrieking at the top of his voice, wildly flaying his arms and legs. He refused to wash his hands and face or brush his teeth.

Today Gordie Runge is a normal happy child living contentedly with a foster family on a farm near Toronto. The transformation took four long years. For there is no magic formula or short cut method that can be used to rehabilitate an emotionally disturbed child.

Like other disturbed children, Gordie was the end product of years of being unloved and abused. The key to recovery lay not in rejecting him or punishing him further but rather in patiently and slowly undoing all the harm that had been done in the past. He had to be made to feel that he was wanted and loved and understood.

This article is the story of how the worst kid in town was restored to normal social health. It begins in October 1947 with a phone call which a public-health nurse made to the Children's Aid Society.

She reported that while making her rounds in the rooming-house area half a mile east of Queen's Park, the Ontario provincial parliament buildings, a next-door neighbor mentioned a certain boarding house where children were being cruelly beaten. The society promptly sent Jean Hull, a wiry brunette of thirty, a member of its protection department, to investigate.

She brought back a shocking report.

The house was a two-story detached red-brick building in reasonably good repair. The door was answered by a frowsy middle-aged blond woman. When Jean informed her of the purpose of her visit she became excessively friendly. "Come on in, dearie," she said. "I'll tell you everything you want to know. Let's go to the back room where we can talk."

She started off by saying that she earned her living by boarding five children. She treated them all well except for one—Gordie Runge. He was the worst-behaved child she had ever known. "He's like a wild beast," she said. "Why, sometimes he becomes so unmanageable I have to tie him to a chair with ropes and lash him with a strap. At other times I hit him across the face so hard that he goes sprawling across the floor." She looked at the social worker for sympathy and approval.

What else can you do with a child like that, dearie?" she asked.

The landlady and little information regarding the background of Gordie Runge. Nine months ago his father had brought him to her as well as Elsa, his five year-old sister, and agreed to pay ten dollars a week for their care. He explained he was separated from his wife and was placing the children "on the quiet" so that she wouldn't be able to see them. Four months ago his payments and his visits abruptly ceased. All she knew of his whereabouts was that he worked for a construction firm with a name like "Maloney" located ten miles from Toronto. As for the mother, she was working in a private home in the same area as the housekeeper for a middle-aged widower who had two grown daughters.

## Don't Leave Me, Mother!

Passing a small bedroom on her way out Jean Hull caught her first glimpse of Gordie. He was leaning on the bed, listlessly reading a comic book, clinging protectively to his arm was his younger sister. He was small for his age. But in spite of the blackish circles under his eyes and a general appearance of emaciation, he was still a handsome child with deep-set blue eyes, a broad well formed nose and straight light-brown hair.

Before leaving Jean warned the landlady. "You may as well know it, you can be brought to court for your treatment of this child. I'm going back to report to my office." In the meantime, don't lay a hand on him."

In cases of flagrant cruelty the Children's Aid Society is empowered to remove a child from a home. Jean held a hasty conference with her superiors and this was the step decided upon. The landlady was informed of the decision by telephone and the following day she showed up at the CAS offices accompanied by the two youngsters. Jean carefully explained to Gordie and Elsa that the shelter was to be their home until their parents could be located and more permanent plans made for their future. As the landlady made a move to go Gordie clutched her arm and screamed. "Don't go, mother. Don't leave me." When she did appeared past the door he threw himself on the floor yelling and kicking hysterically. His sister silently watched him with tears trickling down her cheeks.

Jean took him in her arms and reassured him. He would have a good time in the shelter with many friends and toys. he would continue to go to the same school. She called over one of his future roommates, Tommy, a roly-poly eight-year-old, and asked him to accompany them to the shelter. Afterwards Tommy put his arm around Gordie's shoulder. "You'll like it here, it's a lot of fun," he told him. "You'll have fun." Later that day Gordie disappeared. They found him with the preschool group of girls to which Elsa belonged. He was walking along beside her tightly clutching her hand as if to say defiantly to the world, "You'll not take her away from me too."

The social worker permanently assigned to Gordie was Marion Moeller, a slender attractive woman in her middle twenties who had graduated from the University of Toronto School of Social Work. Jessie Watters, the CAS's case consultant and Margaretha Deary, head of the child-care department, who made the selection, felt that Marion had the proper qualities to win Gordie's confidence and affection. A sensitive, patient and understanding person, she spoke in a calm pleasing voice.

Her first job was to convince Gordie that she cared for him, that she was interested in helping him become a happier person rather than in punishing him for his emotional outbursts. This was no easy job. He had been unloved by his own parents and abused by strangers. Thwarted in his search for affection he no longer trusted others or expected kindly treatment from them. This was reflected in his attitude toward life which was sullen, bitter and resentful.

In the weeks that followed Marion was to learn just how seriously disturbed Gordie was. Within a few days after coming into care he refused to go to school. When she went over to the shelter she found him defiantly standing beside his bed, his jaw set, repeating, "I won't go to that stinking school. I hate it." All attempts to reason with him failed. She finally left, saying "When you make up your mind you can reach me at my office." A half hour later he showed up, saying, "O.K., I'll go now." But by the time they reached the school he had again changed his mind. It took an hour of reasoning and explanation to finally get him to enter the building.

He was a serious feeding problem. Badly underweight, he was so lacking in appetite that he often failed to show up at meal time. When he did he usually gulped down a glass of milk and spent the rest of the time aimlessly stirring his food. Yet he talked a lot about food, asking people to buy him doughnuts, milk shakes, candies and pop. Once when out with Marion before dinner he insisted that she buy him a dozen doughnuts. "I can't do that," she said. "It will spoil your appetite." He responded by lying down on the sidewalk and shrieking. She finally bought him two doughnuts. Cursing, he ran back to the CAS offices giving everyone there small pieces of doughnut.

He lived in mortal fear of doctors. Explaining, coaxing and humoring all failed to get him into the doctor's office for an urgent medical examination. He finally had to be carried there. "But there's nothing to it," Marion said carefully, explaining the procedure. But Gordie remained adamant each time the physician approached him he hollered and screamed like a frightened animal.

He continually demanded gifts. He would go through the CAS offices selecting paper clips, pencils, pads and rubber bands, then carefully hoarding them in his pillow case. If he met with a refusal he became obnoxious. He was resentful of authority, no matter how slight. Once while crossing a busy street Marion extended her hand to him. He struck it with his fist shouting, "Damn you! People are always telling me what to do and what not to do!" He made so much noise a policeman came over to investigate.

In the meantime, acting on the slender clues provided by the landlady, the CAS located Gordie's parents. The mother was a quiet, thin, rather nervous woman of twenty-eight. She related a harrowing tale of an unhappy marriage. A year ago her husband had left her, agreeing to support his family. A few months later, when the money stopped coming, she said to him, "Either you give me money or take the children yourself." In spite of this he took the children and she hadn't seen them since.

Runge, the father, ignored three letters sent to him and only contacted the CAS after being threatened with legal action. He was a stocky weather-beaten construction worker and he showed up at the office in a belligerent mood. It soon became evident that neither parent would, or could, look after the children. Later in Family Court, after hearing evidence from both the parents and the social workers, the judge made Gordie and Elsa temporary wards of the society. He told the Runges: "At the end of a year if you can prove that you can provide an acceptable home you can apply to have your children back."

## A Hard Shell of Bitterness

Social workers are convinced the family is the best setting for the normal development of a child. That is why an attempt was made to place Gordie in a foster home. They were aware that compared to the average child who comes into their care, the chances of him making a successful adjustment to a family were slim. Yet they thought it would be worth a try. During the next six months he was in four foster homes. In each case the home-finding department of the society selected experienced foster parents who had demonstrated a sympathetic understanding of children. They were told of Gordie's background and problems and were asked to do their best with him. They all failed.

By the fall of 1948 Gordie was back at the shelter. He was the subject of a conference attended by Jessie Watters, Margaretha Deary, Marion Moeller and Marjorie Carson, the staff psychologist. It was decided to keep him in the shelter for a time while Marion and the shelter staff renewed their efforts to pierce the hard shell of bitterness and distrust the small boy had built around himself. Since, at his present stage of development, Gordie obviously believed that the purchase of gifts was the only way people could show that they loved you, it was felt advisable to give him an extra allowance to purchase a small toy each week. (The usual allowance is fifteen cents; Gordie was allowed thirty cents.)

Thanks to the understanding and superhuman patience of the social workers Gordie's behavior began to show a slight

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# It's a sin what they do to the sandwich!



Rod o comed on Mickey Lester examines o typical bridge club special sons crusts

**Professor Dugon, long recognized os the inter-notional authority on his subject, hos devoted thirty years to the preporotion of this orticle, ond developed o stomach of wrought iron**

## The Roman Grinder, prepared by Mickey Lester, is a true tesf skill and — digestian



1 Following Chef Dugan's recipe Lester excavates o long loaf. He had severe trouble finding o housewife who baked her own



2 He slices cabbage to fill the hole he's dug. The man seems to really like sliced cabbage. Ham, cheese, peppers are ready.



3 It's tricky. Mickey! The lid is clapped on when the load is in position. Some frightened men call for a vise at this stage



4 Trimming with kitchen shears may be necessary. Dugan insists that peppers be in wheels — so that there'll be enough to go round.



Lester is justifiably proud of his Grinder and at right he illustrates the correct method of attacking the Roman monster



THERE is a pretty legend about sandwiches that I don't believe. It says that the Earl of Sandwich (1718-1792) invented them. His Grace is supposed to have been tied up in a long card game. He said to a kibitzer, Evelyn, old boy, I'm holding a hot mitt. How about grabbing me something off the sideboard? Oh, anything — beef, bread, something I can eat without getting up. The toady was then supposed to have taken two slices of bread, usually buttered, and put between them a thin layer of meat, cheese or savory mixture. Webster. The Earl took an absent-minded bite and cried, Hello, what's this? By my gaiters, boys, it's a sandwich.

The story doesn't hold mayonnaise. The human race couldn't have waited that late in history to think up sandwiches or it wouldn't be present in such numbers. The sandwich is a lot older than the Earl I trow. Card games were going on for a long time back. Bread had been invented and meat is as old as the caveman's pogamoggan. You can't tell me that people who invented the wheel didn't have sense enough to stick a slab of whatnot between two hunks of bread, and thereupon invent the poor boy sandwich.

Southern Europe gave the world Aristotle, Leonardo da Vinci and the poor-boy sandwich to use its New Orleans name. It is constructed in the Crescent City of a loaf of unwrapped, unsterilized iron poor, milkless bread without honey, wheat germ or chlorophyll. The loaf is sundered lengthwise and crowded with ham, salami, cheese, tomatoes and sliced peppers. The upper story is lowered into place and the operator starts in on one end and eats his way to euphoria.

The French variation is *jambon-beurre*. In Italy the poor boy is an art form, of which two noble branches have been brought to eastern Canada and New England.

The first is called the Roman Grinder. Excavate the soft interior of a long loaf of hearth-baked bread and fill the pit with shredded cabbage oiled with the essence of the olive and garlic. Lay down on the cabbage bed slices of *prosciutto* ham, *provolone* cheese and green pepper wheels. Thin beats humming-bird tongues *grace* or anything on your everyday menu.

The second Italian symphony begins with the usual split loaf. Blanket the bottom half with sliced ham, tomatoes and shredded *mozzarella* cheese, oil lightly and season. Grill under a top flame long enough to make the cheese runny, then close the sandwich and crisp in the oven. Men have given up lives of crime after this repast, which is known as the Submarine. The Submarine should be floated in red wine. Domestic ham and cheese can be substituted for the Italian originals. The formulas of the Grinder and the Submarine can also be varied with salami and other processed meats.

The old European masters set the principle that a sandwich should be crunchy, and it should be a meal, both of which precepts have been subverted in this country. The adoption of soft sliced commercial bread has all but undone the sandwich.

Bread is a food. All my work is done with whole-wheat bread or white bread, if it is French or Italian baking. If there is anyone in Moose Jaw who still bakes at home I will issue a certificate in her. The best bread is the Sicilian brown loaf, which French or Italian bakeries still bake for a few unregenerate customers.

Hot dog rolls and hamburger buns are an offense against hot dogs and hamburgers. There must be a flaw in the national fibre when people will take a noble sausage and thrust it into a dab of wall-paper cleaner. In a brown roll a grilled hot dog meets its just reward.

Perversely enough, the best wieners I ever had were one time at the Derby at Epsom Downs. My hostess imported some hot dogs at fabulous expense, but the only rolls she could find were made of the ubiquitous British austerity flour. It happens to be the best bread being led to the species, since the flour is ground of all the whole grains at hand in the national granary, wheat, rye and/or barley. Do the British people appreciate this boon? They do not. They pine for the bleached stuff we eat.

If there is no alternative to sliced white bread — and many sections of the country groan under this yoke — use day old bread. That good woman, Mrs. Simon Kander, so rules in her Settlement Cookbook. The Way to a Man's Heart. But even Mrs. Kander succumbs to the fridge part-way and allows people to cut off the crusts. This is like ripping the covers off books. God put crust on bread to be eaten, crumbly if possible. It is very dangerous to dunk a sandwich that doesn't have crust. People have been scalded reaching in for last parts of sandwiches. Mrs. Kander, who started off so good, then gets her trolley quite completely off the wire by permitting rolled sandwiches and little fridge-tray cubes decorated with gook shot out of pastry tubes. Pastry tubes should be used for only one purpose: that of blowing pills into the mouths of recalcitrant horses.

Fanny Farmer of the Boston Cookbook is even worse. She would probably spring a whalebone stay if she ever saw a Roman Grinder. She lists something called the Calla Lily Sandwich in which the bread is folded to resemble a plant.

Fortunately the mala sandwich architect is beyond the influence of these Borgias. He knows that a sandwich is the product of fine hemwork, a careful stratification of veneers, a creation that must be gripped as in a vise and held up by planting the elbows firmly on the table. A sandwich is a challenge to the mandibles, a progress through the seven tiers of paradise.

**By JAMES DUGAN**

PHOTOS BY FAN- BOCKETT

Boys understand the principle very early. The first unlettered genius of sandwich making whom I knew was Ray Crotsley, a boyhood idol who lived across the street and paid no attention to school, parlor games or bedcheck. His mother, Irma Crotsley, baked homemade bread, five hundred loaves a day, wrestling the dough with her great forearms in a trough as big as King Tut's tomb. No paper wrappers ever sapped the goodness of her manna and it was not until she was in her decline that a slicing machine salesman got his foot in the door. When she

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# All the Fun of the Fair

Ricky knew that one ball in the bull's-eye would knock the black boy into the water. But how could he help to lift up a whole race?

By J. D. PETER

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

RICKY squatted on his haunches balancing a stone in each hand, watching the dully gleaming blade of the spade bite into the chocolate earth and the rough sour sea grass. His eyes screwed up against the wind and the dazzle of the sun, John Makanya dug on steadily, his clean white shirt bellying from his shoulders as he stooped. They were both silent. Into the silence the wind blew a swirl of raucous music from the fair over the hill. Glancing up into the black face Ricky found it so impassive that he wondered whether his questions had angered the Zulu. He rose and picked up an empty jam jar lying in the grass, balancing it on one of the fence posts.

"Look here, John. I'll show you how straight I can throw. Bet you I knock that off in five shots."

The spade paused. "You better throw at something else, Baas Reerky. You don't want fragments of glass lying in the grass. Look!"—Makanya shook the soil from a rusty can he had turned up— "try thees." He set it up on the fence post.

Ricky retired to the other end of the garden and began throwing. He did it extraordinarily well and the third stone took the can off the post with a smack and a clatter.

"*Heke!*" said Makanya politely. It was plain he wasn't interested. Ricky squalled down once more at the edge of the dug patch and resumed the conversation.

"But if you had a scholarship why didn't you go back to college? Can't you still go?"

"Yes. Of course I can go." Makanya sounded almost detached. "I do not want to go."

"But that's silly. Surely it doesn't make all that difference just because you're black?"

"Lay-ees ant the occupation for a Kaffir."

"I don't see why not. Kaffirs will do everything one day when they've got sense like you."

"Pet-ees a very far-off day." Makanya stared out to sea for a minute. Then he raised his hand and pointed. "You see the horizon, Baas Reerky. Eet-ees blue above and blue underneath, but we see eet as a line, do we not. Who weell take that line away?"

Ricky scowled at the water. Most of the dazzle had been blown off it by the wind and along the shore the surf was lashing up puffs of spray.

RICKY! Ricky, where are you!" His sister Ellen, a tall girl, pretty, with a tanned skin and fair hair that sea-bathing had coarsened, came round the corner of the house and frowned when she caught sight of him.

"Really, Ricky, you're the limit. It's hours o'clock. What about mother's present?" Then she said sternly to Makanya, "John, you're not to keep him hanging about. He's got to buy a present for the missus. It's her birthday tomorrow." She turned to her brother. "Where's the money I gave you? I suppose you've lost it already."

"No, of course I haven't." Ricky produced a half crown from the pocket of his khaki shorts and showed it to her. "Anyway it's not much. You can't get much for half a crown."

"You can get a good deal more for half a crown than you can get for nothing," said his sister tartly. "Next year you might try saving your own money for a change. Come on now, hurry up."

She watched him irritably, as he walked slowly off down the path and out at the gate.

"For heaven's sake try to get something reasonable," she called after him. "And you're not to go to the Fairground. I know you. You'll spend it or lose it." She shook her head and glanced at John Makanya, who had turned his back and was digging again. Then she went indoors, slamming the door behind her.

Ricky had paid no attention. He walked unkicking at the tussocks of grass whistling. The path was sandy, with shells in it, and as he walked he picked up pieces of shell and threw them at the posts of the

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PART ONE

# WHEN SEARS JOINS UFWITH SIMPSON'S

By ERIC HUTTON

**It will hit Canadian shopping and business habh a big and brassy thump. Already sixteen Canadian cities are on the sales route of the world's largest retailer**

## Why did 123,000 shoppere up at this Sears store?



When a new Sears store opened in Rio de Janeiro me the store was just an empty shall and six the streets ware jammed for blocks By closing undred thousand dollars bulged the tash boxes

LAST JAN 1 the T Eaton Company Canada's biggest department store chain and mail-order house bought newspaper space to send that rare sprightly greeting to its number one competitor Exactly one year later Simpson's will deliver its reply On the first working day of 1953 Simpson's and Sears Roebuck will combine forty million dollars of new capital and billions of dollars of merchandising experience to form Simpsons-Sears Limited The new company has an aim which is most unneighborly to Eaton's namely to sell Canadians more store goods than any retailer ever sold them before

Sears Roebuck and Company until now largely a name to Canadians a name which is a fabulous if seldom seen mail-order catalogue plus seven hundred low-priced department stores spread throughout the United States receives for its twenty-million investment a a half share in Simpson's mail-order business and a projected chain of Sears-type retail stores and b the right to apply in Canada the methods which have made Sears the world's largest retailer of things people wear and use.

Whatever comes of these entrrprizes one thing is certain Sears is destined to become a byword in Canada as it is in many other parts of the world People in the States who don't like Sears have burned the company's catalogues in public squares, but people who do like Sears often send in a jar of pickles or jelly with their orders and the admonition addressed to Mr Sears, "Don't forget to share it with Mr Roebuck"

Sears may also affect traditional Canadian ways of doing business Sears employees practically never get orders from their bosses and work on a sort of mercantile anarchy Yet so good is the company's profit sharing scheme that when one clerk recently retired he got a cheque for one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Sears is never satisfied just to accept merchandise from its suppliers. Instead the company usually moves in and ends up running the supplier's business for him right down to such minute details as questioning the vice president's expense account

Eaton's has maintained a terse "no comment" attitude toward the threat of Simpsons-Sears but is obviously keeping a sharp non peel e ye on its ambitious competitor Not long after the plans to form the new company were announced last July, Simpson's gave a trial run to one of Sears best-selling gimmicks a ten percent down payment on big ticket merchandise like refrigerators, stoves and washing machines

Eaton's reply was swift and to the point No down payment Eaton's does not reveal its volume of business being privately owned but its sales are reputed to be approximately fifty percent above Simpson's volume of one hundred and seventy-five million dollars a year of which mail order accounts for sixty millions. Eaton's is also big lusty, resourceful and If it will pardon the expression—tough. It could well be that the most interesting and profitable shopping news for Canadians in the months and years ahead will be what Simpsons-Sears does about Eaton's, and vice versa.

The first of the new Simpsons-Sears retail stores is actually under construction at Burnaby B C midway between New Westminster and Vancouver It will be a typical Class A Sears store in design a six million-dollar three-story streamlined air-conditioned building on a sixteen-acre site which provides parking for a thousand cars British Columbia is getting the first Simpsons-Sears store for the simple reason that Simpson's was about to build there anyway The firm originally planned a different type of store and mail-order centre" said C W Jaggs manager of Simpson's west coast mail-order division "but plans were changed following the formation of Simpsons Sears.

Fifteen more Simpsons-Sears stores will go up as fast as structural steel becomes available and a total of thirty to forty stores are planned for the foreseeable future Cities in which the earliest stores are likely to be built are Hamilton Windsor, Ottawa Fort Arthur-Fort William Saint John St John's Winnipeg Quebec City Edmonton, Calgary Victoria Saskatoon and possibly Yellow knife N W T

For several weeks new Simpson's buyers and sales executives have been commuting to Sears headquarters in Chicago to take delivery of the chief contribution Sears is making apart from that twenty millions to the partnership indoctrination in the Sears system of selecting procuring distributing and selling several thousand varieties of alluring merchandise at prices low enough to win and hold one of the largest mass markets in the world

What the average Canadian will want to know is how and how much the Sears influence will affect his or her purse and purchasing habits A Sears executive told me in Chicago I hope Canadians don't get hold of one of our catalogues and set their hearts on the prices in it Many factors like duty freight and taxes may affect Canadian prices. Even in our own retail stores prices are about six percent over the catalogue because of highrr selling costs.

The only official hint to Canadian shoppers on what to expect from Simpsons-Sears is contained in the first and only statement on the formation of the new company, issued jolatly by C L Burton board chairman of Simpson's, and General Robert E Wood board chairman of Sears Roebuck which promised that Simpsons-Sears will have a far reaching and beneficial effect on Canadian customers.

The statement also indicated that not only mail order shoppers and residents of cities where new Simpsons-Sears stores are opened will get the Sears treatment but also shoppers in the cities where Simpson's has department stores at present Toronto Montreal Regina Halifax and London Although these stores do not come under the Simpsons-Sears name they will share the same "important new merchandising advantages"

Since few Canadian shoppers have had intimate dealings with Sears Roebuck, it might be well to give a brief rundown of the recent life and times of the phenomenon which is Sears The present deal is incidentally not the first transaction between the two companies In 1948 Simpson's was on the acquiring end of a deal with Sears when the Canadian company took over Sears' last two mail order offices in this country at Vancouver and Victoria after currency restrictions made cross border selling all but impossible

In its own bailiwick and in Latin America however Sears expansion has been spectacular since World War II In 1945 Sears sold an even billion dollars. Six years later sales reached $2 700 000 000 or almost exactly twenty dollars for every man woman and child in the United States On the same basis Simpson's gross of $175 000 000 works out at $12 50 per Canadian

Most Canadians still think of Sears as a mail-order house and, true enough, mail order is at an all time high with eleven million customers and fifty million catalogues issued in seven editions a year But mail order now accounts for thirty percent of Sears business against seventy percent for Sears retail stores. Since the war Sears has pioneered in building stores on wasteland far from the centre of towns and cities, with an inflexible ratio of two square yards of parking space for every square yard of store area Almost instantly the Sears vicinity becomes a shopping centre as non-competitive shops grab adjacent frontage to take advantage of Sears' priceless gift heavy traffic

"Outside Houston Texas" a Sears official told me "we killed dozens of snakes when we cleared land for our new store a couple of years ago We uprooted mesquite with bulldozers and evicted all manner of wildlife Today money can't buy a foot of frontage in the area.

One result easy to predict concerning the coming of Sears to Canada is that there will be near riots in every city on opening day of each new store It still happens even in the United States where Sears is an old and familiar institution A few weeks ago one hundred and forty thousand people tried to get into a Sears store in suburban Detroit when the doors first opened without benefit of door prizes or opening day specials and police reserves had to be rushed in In Mexico City crowds blocked the streets within half a mile of a new Sears store hours before opening time and riots developed during the struggle to get inside In Rio de Janeiro more than one hundred thousand people besieged the new Sears store stalled the escalators with sheer weight of numbers cleared out one thousand refrigerators in the first hour and by closing time left the store a virtually empty shell with six hundred thousand dollars in the cash registers

The fact is that in pursuing its single-minded purpose of selling vast quantities of good quality wares at low prices Sears has become in addition to a retailer a symbol of a state of mind President Franklin D Roosevelt once suggested half seriously that an excellent weapon for use against Soviet propaganda would be millions of Sears catalogues dropped by plane throughout Russia The president's contention was that if Russians learned the truth about the American way of life as depicted in the Sears catalogue, they would never again believe propaganda lies

Strangely enough this semihumorous plan actually had a Communist tryout not long afterward As a gesture toward his new Western leanings Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia announced that citizens could buy up to six dollars worth of goods from abroad Word got around Belgrade that the United States Embassy had a lone copy of the current Sears catalogue and soon the crush in the streets outside reached riot proportions Police and firemen had to disperse the crowd

To what extent Simpsons-Sears will duplicate Sears in selection of stock prices and that almost indefinable attraction to buyers probably not even Sears or Simpson's knows at the moment The only thing about Sears everybody seems to know around here" a Simpson's official told me "is that rank and file salaries average sixty dollars a week Every day dozens of employees ask me Is Simpsons-Sears going to have Sears salaries or Simpson's?" Simpson's salaries for corresponding personnel are considerably lower

Reason for the uncertainty is that the first official announcement of the deal was made prematurely six months in advance to offset rumors in Toronto business circles which declared emphatically if not with authority, that Simpson's intended to sell out its entire business to Sears. Since then Simpson's has added nothing to the first brief statement Edgar Burton president of the new company and son of C L. Burton, the man who made Simpson's big has not been available for interviews. One Simpson's executive explained "It's a case of does Mary's tell Gimbels' Will Simpson's start telling Eaton's its plans.

Sears is reticent about its new Canadian operation—to a point

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# WHERE EVEN WOMEN STOP TALKING

**At retreats across the country more and more Canadians, both men and women, are finding that a week end of silence, prayer and meditation opens the door to a new personal peace**

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOS BY PETER CROYDON

At Manresa, a Roman Catholic retreat house near Pickering, Ont., men take time in the world's rat-race to ponder the problems of a hectic, noisy world forgotten



EVERY FRIDAY a fast growing army of Canadians from bum to bencher, medical man to mother of eight, bid their friends families and cronies good by for a new kind of week end. They don't fish, hunt, golf, ski, swim, sail, dance, drink or loaf around reading The Case of the Lame Canary. They do something a lot more relaxing: they stop talking. They think, pray, listen to their spiritual leaders, take a good look at themselves and try to get in touch with God. They call it "making a retreat." Paradoxically, although they don't set out for the usual week-ender's objective "having wonderful time," they often have the time of their lives.

The eighteen-year-old daughter of a Toronto hardware merchant reported after making her first retreat: "I feel as if I were walking over five feet of eggs and not breaking one."

A printing salesman said: "I make a retreat every year before I go on holidays so I can really relax and enjoy myself."

A reformed alcoholic told me: "A retreat helps a man recover from what makes him a drunk—having nothing in life bigger than himself. Before I made my first retreat I was like the girl who said: 'I believe in God, but I'm not nuts about Him.'"

An Anglican priest stated flatly: "Any man who doesn't make a retreat is a damned fool."

In a world bone-tired of noise, speed, traffic, worry and war news, silence can have a powerful, simple appeal. Technically, retreatants can talk at certain times, such as during dinner and supper and short "recreation" periods afterward. But for the greater part of forty-eight hours they worship, move around, meditate and mingle in silence.

The principle of retreats is nothing new to Anglican or Roman Catholic churchmen. Priests of both churches make retreats as part of their ministry. Roman Catholic prep-school and college students make three day retreats at the beginning of the school year, which most of them recall the way they look back on a good scrubbing. "It's like medicine," one priest said, "they don't like it but they know it's good for them." But voluntary group retreats for the average golf-playing, movie-going Joe who is no more religious in the usual sense than you or I or the guy next door is something new. And it's spreading like a 1940 chain letter, even among people outside the Roman Catholic and Anglican faiths.

Men that I had to talk into making their first retreat a few years ago," one retreat captain said, "phone me now to ask if they can come and bring a couple of friends."

The first retreat house was established in Canada forty-three years ago in Montreal with twelve people attending. Last year in the province of Quebec alone there were twenty-two Roman Catholic retreat houses for men and seventeen for women, which were attended by over ninety-two thousand retreatants. Attendance at one Toronto retreat house has grown from three hundred to fifteen hundred in the past ten years. The Anglican Church has set up an Association for the Promotion of Retreats which is affiliated with a parent organization in England where "making a retreat" is as familiar a term as "making a buck" is in Canada.

In the United States it is estimated that in the past twenty-five years the number of annual retreatants has grown to a quarter of a million.

In Canada the Anglican Church holds week-end, single day and part day retreats in convents, monasteries and schools under the auspices of such religious orders as the Sisters of the Church, the Sisterhood of St. John the Divine and the Society of St. John the Evangelist. But Roman Catholic retreats generally last at least two days and are held in special retreat houses such as Manresa, one of those for the Toronto district.

Manresa, located on one hundred and seven landscaped and wooded acres near Pickering, Ont., is a lush eighteen-room country house with broad-loomed corridors, tile bathrooms, glassed in showers and a seven-car garage. It formerly belonged to a wealthy American promoter.

In charge is Father James O'Gorman Fleming, a brusque, vigorous forty- *Continued on page 21*



Talking is allowed during meals, but [illegible] indulged in. Sometimes relaxation [illegible]



[illegible]

The Manresa chapel is open at all times for retreatants for private contemplation.



# THE ROLLICKING REPUBLIC THAT DOESN'T EXIST

**A piece of Maine, a hunk of Quebec, and a slice of New Brunswick form the "Republic of Madawaska," whose capital, Edmundston, has just been named the Maritimes' first new city in half a century**



Edmundston's prosperity is built around Fraser Companies. Here logs await pulping.

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY W. ISTLOW

IN NORTHWESTERN New Brunswick at the hurrying headwaters of the St. John River a rollicking lumberjack of a place called Edmundston has grown up, settled down, exchanged a town pump for an ornamental fountain, and discarded the mackinaw togs of a woodsman for a neat business suit. Last July it became a city, the first new city in the four Atlantic provinces since Sydney, N.S., got a charter in 1904.

The event was marked by a great braying of trumpets and thumping of pianos and sawing of fiddles and beating of drums for Edmundston's population, eleven thousand, has more musicians than any other community of comparable size in Canada.

And the ear-splitting celebration spilled over into Maine and Quebec because Edmundston is the capital of the Republic of Madawaska—a gay make-believe state which includes within its imaginary borders not only Madawaska County, N.B., but slices of Aroostook County, Me., and Temiscouata County, Que. Not shown on maps or recognized by governments, the republic exists in the hearts and traditions of light-hearted people who are neighbors in an isolated region of hills, lakes, tumbling streams, forests and potato fields.

Edmundston reflects the character of the region. It has turned from log burling to golf, from rough-and-tumble brawling to baseball, from mouth organs to pipe organs, and from whittling to the kind of wood carving that is exhibited in art galleries, but it still has a frontier ebullience. And it has the happy-go-lucky and slightly wacky atmosphere you'd expect in the part of the country that fought the Aroostook War—a war in which no shots were fired and no blood was shed.

In straight-laced New Brunswick it laughs at blue laws. Many of its residents are equally amused by customs barriers and insist that customs officers were invented so smuggling would be more fun.

It's typical of Edmundston, and of the Republic of Madawaska, that nobody was surprised six years ago when a letter was read at the funeral of Bibi Cyr, a hotelkeeper, inviting those present to be his guests at a farewell party to be held immediately after he was buried. Clipped to the letter were five one-hundred-dollar bills to pay for the drinks so Bibi's departure was neither sad nor solemn.

On the main street in Edmundston, opposite a new city hall with a bubbling fountain and a willow-shaded lawn, are the offices of Le Madawaska, a weekly newspaper in which some items are in French and others in English. Stories about the activities of French-speaking individuals are generally in French, and those about English-speaking individuals in English. But French-speaking doings have occasionally been reported in English, and vice versa.

This doesn't really matter. Edmundston, where French is spoken to ninety percent of the homes and English in ten percent, is so thoroughly bilingual that its school children, playing together, often switch from one language to the other without being aware they are doing it.

A French-speaking Edmundstonian, for the sake of courtesy, will invariably address an English-speaking Edmundstonian in English. The reply would come in French. Edmundstonians are so polite that they preserve this convention even when they are angry, the French swearing at the English in English, and the English swearing at the French in French.

J. Gaspard Boucher, stocky affable publisher of Le Madawaska, is president of the Republic of Madawaska. He wasn't elected—it was just a case of Madawaskans agreeing among themselves years ago that he would fill the post with tact, intelligence and the right touch of humor. The vice-president is Dr. Paul Carmel Laporte, physician, surgeon, sculptor, wood carver, contractor and philosopher.

Boucher and Laporte have as their advisers such oddly assorted hot representative Madawaskans as Chief Justice J. E. Michaud, a former federal minister of fisheries; Sam Burpee, a grocer who was the first mayor of Edmundston when it was incorporated as a town in 1905; H. E. Marmen, an electrical contractor who is the first mayor of Edmundston the city; Mgr. Romeo Gagnon, Roman Catholic bishop of Edmundston; Aubrey Crabtree, president of Fraser Companies, a fifty million-dollar pulp, paper and lumber corporation; and Leo Poulin, a professor of music.

As members of a sort of make-believe cabinet these men don't restrict their planning to Edmundston. They consider the welfare of such smaller centres of the republic as Van Buren, Madawaska, Fort Kent and St. Francis in Maine, and St. Leonard, Green River, St. Basil, Baker Brook, Clair and Connors in New Brunswick.

The realm they guide is a state of mind, not a political state, and sentimental rather than actual. They collect no taxes, have no budget, and confer casually on street corners or *Continued on page 53*



City Treasurer T. Guerette (left) and Mayor H. E. Marmen pose at illuminated fountain.



At Edmundston, N.B., this bridge connects with Madawaska, Me. Many residents of both sides of the wooded international border take a lighthearted view of the customs.



Leo Poulin (right), once a trumpeter with Rudy Vallee, leads the city band and teaches music in the schools. Edmundston is as keen about music as it is about sport.



Editor J. Boucher keeps alive the pleasant phantasy of the independence of Madawaska.



The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception is adding a recreation centre for $500,000.



Dr. Paul Laporte gives sculpture and carving lessons in his basement. Several of his pupils have won renown. Laporte carved the Madawaska shield (at top, page 20).



A. G. Malan, who has soared to political power, writes a speech at his big ranch near Kimberley

# SAILOR MALAN FIGHTS HIS GREATEST BATTLE

**While South Africa, torn by racial and nationalistic strife, teeters on the brink of chaos, a legendary RAF hero is spearheading a peaceful veterans' revolt against his namesake**

By ALBERT FICK

PHOTOS BY HOMER PAGE

JOHANNESBURG

FOLLOWED by ten thousand veterans holding aloft flaming home-made torches the Commando edged its way through wave after wave of tumultuous applause from the throngs who swarmed the streets of Cape Town in the greatest political demonstration in the Mother City's three hundred years. All races—white, brown, black—mingled indiscriminately to welcome the "People's Messengers," as the sixty men and women of the Commando called themselves.

They had trekked a thousand miles and more in wartime jeeps, lighting bonfires and holding crowded meetings along the route. Thirty miles from Cape Town a great motorcade had started to form up behind them. Riding with the Torch Commando through the cheering multitudes was like driving into Brussels again with the Army of Liberation," wrote one newspaper correspondent. Cape Town staged a fantastic welcome." The Johannesburg Star said. The Commando formed the most democratic contingent ever to march together in the Union. Civil servants found themselves alongside the colored men who swept the streets they were marching so proudly upon."

Two famous fighters led the Commando. In the front jeep rode *Oom* Doll de la Rey, a white-haired old Boer of seventy-four who looked so startlingly like the late General Jan Smuts that people looked twice at him and then cheered wildly. *Oom* Uncle Doll was the man who—as a young *burgher* on commando fifty years before—had captured Winston Churchill, then a war correspondent with the Imperial forces in South Africa.

In the second jeep stood a younger man with tousled brown hair, his hazel eyes cold and angry, the man who had been the most famed fighter pilot in all the RAF—Adolph Gysbert Malan, known all over the world as Sailor. He was the real hero of the hour. The people tried to mob him. Men and women, white as well as brown, crowded round his jeep and stretched out their hands to touch him.

Two hundred yards from the Houses of Parliament the Commando became hopelessly jammed and the crews abandoned their vehicles and pushed their way to the platform. There they handed "defend the constitution" resolutions to the leaders of the Opposition parties. The resolutions demanding that the Nationalist Government observe the South Africa Act, had been passed at scores of meetings during their march on Cape Town from different parts of the Union. It was an eerie scene. Table Mountain loomed mysteriously above them and flaming torches flickered; the smoke drifting upward through the tall buildings.

After the simple ceremony was over *Oom* Doll and Sailor led the convoy away, through the still-cheering people. The ten thousand war veterans dispersed but the polyglot crowd continued to mill round the streets, giving vent to pent-up feelings. Later that night serious disturbances, involving coloreds as well as whites, broke out at the approaches to parliament and led to repeated charges by police armed with batons. Scores of people got hurt. According to one report, one hundred and sixty men and women, including seventeen policemen, were injured in these clashes. Motor vehicles were damaged and fifteen plate glass windows smashed.

What actually happened is still in acrimonious dispute in the Union. The Torch Commando said the rioting began after its show was over. Next day there was uproar in parliament. Six MPs were ordered out of the House, five with bundles of sticks which they alleged had been used during the clashes. Minister of Justice C. R. Swart claimed amid Opposition cries of "Nonsense" that an organized attempt had been made to break into the Houses of Parliament. The Opposition demanded a judicial enquiry, but this the Government refused. One Opposition MP charged that a Government MP had incited the riot. Major J. Tollard, District Commandant of Police, reported: "My men were severely provoked. They were scorched by torches. Bottles and stones were thrown at them."

Whatever the truth, Operation Torch had blazed a trail without parallel in the Union. The Commando was the last of a series of flaming torch protests held during May, 1951, by veterans in all the main centres, under the slogan "Hands off the Constitution."

The policy of seventy-eight-year-old Dr. Daniel Malan, the Nationalist Prime Minister, a distant relative of Sailor's, was the cause of all this rumpus. Bad blood had been mounting between him and the war veterans for some years. As Leader of the Opposition during World War II he had strenuously opposed South Africa's participation in the struggle against Hitler. After he won power in 1948 he tightened citizenship requirements, which hit thousands of new Britishers. He released war traitors and improved his parliamentary position by giving representation without taxation to the former German South West Africa. Early last year he introduced a Voters Act to take the fifty thousand colored voters of Cape Province off the common register and give them four white MPs of their own instead of voting with whites for fifty-five MPs as hitherto. He forced the Voters Act on a simple majority, instead of the two-thirds majority mentioned by the South Africa Act, which is in effect the constitution of the Union.

Dr. Malan took the

*Continued on page 37*



D. F. Malan, the nationalistic premier. He is insisting that his Boer party is above the law



Holding flaming torches aloft the Commando — mainly veterans who oppose the Government's racial policies — meet at Muizenberg, near Cape Town

# Will Shakespeare slept here

By MARJORIE EARL

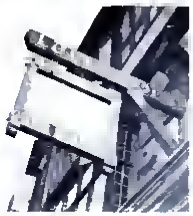
Age cannot wither, nor custom



stale the infinite variety of




Stratford-on-Avon whose only



industry is The Bard. They've also



got his bust on the petrol pumps

ONE DAY last July when tourists were rolling by the thousands into Stratford-on-Avon the birthplace of William Shakespeare one of the town councilors telephoned a London theatrical agency. He wanted some actors. Immediately he was offered a selection of experienced Lears, Hamlets and Romeos. But they weren't suitable. He didn't want Shakespearean actors he said sheepishly he wanted a soubrette a conjuror and a genteel comedian. Tired of an uninterrupted diet of Shakespeare the citizens of Stratford wanted a vaudeville show.

But whether they like it or not the Swan of Avon—as Shakespeare is often called—has a firm grip on the lives of the fifteen thousand people who inhabit his home town, now the greatest, richest and most remarkable literary shrine on earth.

For nearly eight months of the year Stratford runs London a close second as Britain's principal tourist attraction. The devout descend upon it at the rate of one hundred thousand a month, among them an estimated annual total of seven thousand Canadians. With the Americans they make Stratford nearly as substantial a dollar earner as Scotch whisky.

They spend an average of fifteen dollars a day each and depart after three days with an anecdote or two for their friends back home...a handbagful of gewgaws from a Hamlet cigarette case to a Shylock nutcracker and a feeling of uplift which comes from contact with something that may have been touched, gazed upon or created by William Shakespeare. And a high proportion of Stratford's population is engaged one way or another in giving them satisfaction for their money.

Stratford today is a tidy little market town twenty-four miles from Birmingham and one hundred and three miles from London. Its principal sources of revenue apart from The Bard are agriculture and brewing. In the past Nathaniel Hawthorne found it "tame and unpicturesque, full of shabby old houses." Today it is neither tame nor shabby. Bucks bicycles and buses mingle with the crowds on foot and the half-timbered Elizabethan buildings have been partially restored by removing the stucco and cement fronts of later and less worshipful centuries.

The shady personal history of the town's principal salesman has also been dressed up and romanticized. In Anne Hathaway's cottage one of the shrine's most popular sights is a settle where Shakespeare supposedly courted his wife. The hasty beginnings of this unhappy union, they were married six months before the birth of their daughter, are never mentioned. One of the fastest-moving items in the shops is a postcard which shows a shy Anne looking younger than her twenty-six years flushing prettily over a pose at her eighteen-year-old suitor.

For a town of its size Stratford should have two inns with thirty to forty rooms each. Instead it has eight major hotels, some with a hundred rooms, twenty-one minor ones, sixty-eight guest houses, thirty restaurants with a total seating capacity of over two thousand, and two hundred shops. The chief hotel by a singularly unremarkable coincidence is named The Shakespeare. Its hundred-odd rooms, ranging in price from four-fifty to eight dollars a night, are usually filled with Americans and Canadians. One of its principal attractions in addition to the fact that it is a fine old Tudor relic and provides excellent service is that all its rooms have Shakespearean names. The dining room is As You Like It. The cocktail bar, one of the few places in England where the Canadian visitor can order a Tom Collins or a Zombie is called Measure For Measure.



This is The Birthplace. A spiteful widow once whitewashed all the autographs of the great.

This whimsey poses certain problems for Emile Sache who took over management of the hotel four years ago. "I have to be careful of people's feelings," he said. "It wouldn't do to put a maiden lady into the Love's Labour Lost room."

There are Shakespeare restaurants, Hathaway tearooms and Shakespeare gift shops. The latter do a steady business in door knockers, bottle openers, bookmarks, wallets, spoons, dishes, post cards, prints and other items commemorating the great poet's works and outlining the scanty events known of his life in bronze, brass, china, wood, leather and plastic. The Midland Bank has Shakespeare's head over its door and his face is embossed on its cheques. There are Shakespeare garages and one man found that business improved when he mounted busts of The Bard over his petrol pumps.

Stratford offers little to the tripper except Shakespeare. There are no mountains to climb, no beaches. The Avon which Hawthorne described as "lazily loitering past Stratford Church as if it had been considering which way to go ever since Shakespeare used to paddle in it" is too choked with weeds for swimming. Besides rubbernecking, the only entertainment not available in equal quantities at Stoke Poges or Blackpool is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre where under the hand of ambitious and successful manager-actor Anthony Quayle, opulent and excellent Shakespearean productions attract full houses to every performance.

The majority of the twelve hundred who fill the theatre for every performance are tourists. Only one local resident in ten attends the Memorial Theatre. Quite a lot of people are tired of being with the spirit of Shakespeare day and night, from sick to death of him, that I am," said one female rooter for vaudeville. "Him and his prithees."

Opponents of the establishment of a variety theatre are the more squeamish element of the local citizenry who resent any hint that Shakespeare isn't popular and are embarrassed by references to the town as the world's principal purveyor of poetry for a profit.

Last summer radio star Wilfred Pickles interviewed Stratford residents on a nation-wide hookup. Some admitted that they had never been inside the Memorial Theatre. It is twenty years old and more than half confessed that Shakespeare bored

*Continued on page 45*





*How to keep worry out of your house*

It's easy really—use the same [illegible] that keep [illegible] out! Against the cold you [illegible] for the [illegible] storm windows. Against worry you [illegible] invest in life insurance.

Your trained Great-West Life representative can fit the right protection to your needs. He will take pains to make sure that your life insurance savings do the best possible job of protecting you against worries such as these: what would your family live on if they were without you? [illegible] what will you live on in old age? [illegible] how will you finance your children's education?

Call your nearby Great-West Life representative. Let him help you to keep worry out of your house!

*Your future is our business to-day!*

GREAT-WEST LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE [illegible] WINNIPEG




# Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

**CRY THE BELOVED COUNTRY:** Alan Paton's famous novel about race [illegible] in South Africa has been turned into a deeply stirring movie, although [illegible] reaches its promised emotional climax.

**IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST:** [illegible] Oscar Wilde's mockery of the Victorian [illegible] Director Anthony Asquith [illegible] comedy.

**KING KONG:** A reissue of the 1933 fantasy [illegible] from the Stone Age who [illegible] atop of a New York skyscraper. [illegible]

**THE LADY WITH A LAMP:** Anna Neagle's [illegible] of Florence Nightingale [illegible] and the drama [illegible] suggests only [illegible]

**MAD ABOUT OPERA:** A [illegible] hodgepodge of poorly recorded [illegible] with no more [illegible] by Gigli [illegible]

**THE NARROW MARGIN:** A compact [illegible] in double [illegible]

**THE QUIET MAN:** A [illegible] Hollywood's own [illegible] (John Wayne [illegible]) O'Hara) and her bullying brother (Victor McLaglen) are among the characters.

**RASHOMON:** A cryptic Japanese melodrama about a rape, a murder and the baffling motives of ordinary humans under stress. It's hardly a family show but recommended for customers with a taste for the unusual.

**SALLY AND SAINT ANNE:** The [illegible] Ann Blyth [illegible] whose prayers help her rather dull family [illegible] battling a nasty [illegible] of a landlord. A comedy with occasional good moments.

**SOMEBODY LOVES ME:** An energetic [illegible] musical tragedy based on the careers of songstress Blossom Seeley (Betty Hutton) and her husband Benny Fields (Ralph Meeker). Miss Hutton's [illegible] improving steadily.

**SON OF PALEFACE:** Bob Hope [illegible] almost as [illegible] 1948 [illegible] Jane Russell, Roy Rogers and Trigger the wonder horse [illegible]

**TOMORROW IS TOO LATE:** [illegible] characters [illegible] picture [illegible] to [illegible] honest [illegible]

**WHERE'S CHARLEY?** A musical [illegible] indestructible Charley's Aunt [illegible] and Ray Bolger does as well as any man [illegible] who pretends to be [illegible] old lady from Brazil [illegible] Frank Loesser's songs are [illegible]

**THE WINNING TEAM:** A somewhat [illegible] biography of baseball's Grover Cleveland Alexander, with Ronald Reagan depicting the [illegible] pitcher [illegible] moments.

## GILMOUR RATES

About Face: [illegible]
[illegible]
The Big Night: [illegible]
[illegible] Drama. Good.
[illegible]
[illegible]
Clash by Night: [illegible]
Diplomatic Courier: [illegible]
Don't Bother to Knock: Drama. [illegible]
Face Among the Sheltering Palms: [illegible] Comedy. Poor.
[illegible] Good.
[illegible]
[illegible]
5 Fingers: Spy drama. [illegible]
[illegible] Good.
[illegible] Comedy. [illegible]
[illegible] Drama. Fair.
[illegible] Drama. [illegible]
Has Anybody Seen My Gal?: [illegible] of 1920s. Good.
[illegible]
[illegible] Good.
[illegible] Drama. Good.
Jumping Jacks: Good [illegible] Martin and [illegible] fans anyway.
Kangaroo: Outdoor drama. Fair.
The Lion and the Horse: [illegible] Good for kids.
Lovely to Look At: Musical. Fair.
Lure of the Wilderness: Drama. Good.
The Magic Box: Drama. Good.
Mara Maru: [illegible] melodrama. Poor.
My Son John: [illegible]
Outcast of the Islands: Drama. Good.
Pat and Mike: [illegible] comedy and romance. Excellent.
Paula: Drama. Fair.
The Promoter: British comedy. Good.
Rancho Notorious: Western. Fair.
Red Ball Express: War. Fair.
Bad [illegible]: Western. Fair.
Battle [illegible]: Adventure. Good.
San Francisco Story: Drama. Fair.
Scandal in the Village: Drama. Fair.
[illegible] Drama. Good.
Secret People: British drama. Fair.
Singin' in the Rain: Musical. Good.
The Sniper: Suspense. Excellent.
Something to Live For: Drama. Fair.
Tembo: Jungle [illegible] Fair.
Tom Brown's School Days: Drama. Good.
We're Not Married: Comedy. Good.
When in Rome: Comedy. Fair.
World in His Arms: Adventure. Fair.








"My son has chosen banking"

When a bank manager retired last year, he wrote his General Manager to tell why he was proud his son also had chosen a banking career.

*"I shall always recall my banking days with pleasure and I cannot think of any other occupation that gives one a greater opportunity to meet people and form lasting friendships. I have been privileged to serve the bank in three provinces... That my son has chosen banking is also a great satisfaction to me. He is most anxious to make good on his own account."*

Any young man on the lookout for an interesting and worthwhile career—for opportunities to grow and get ahead—should take a look at banking. Have a talk with the bank manager in your neighborhood branch. It may well prove an important turning point in your life.

This advertisement based on an actual letter is presented here by

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY




## All the Fun of the Fair

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

fences. But they were too light and the wind caught them and blew them aside in a curve. As he went up the slope from the house the snatches of martial music grew more and more distinct. Soon he breasted the rise and the din of the fair swelled up and roared in his ears. For a time he stood looking down on the brilliant tents and pavilions, the whirling black-and-white roundabout and the flying swings. Then he broke into a run and went pelting down the grassy incline toward them.

It was sixpence to get into the ground. That left him two shillings. He clipped the silver coins into his pocket. He knew what he had to do, but how exactly was it to be done? Well, he would have to reconnoitre. Somewhere in the fairground there would be a stall where he could win more. It was not the time for excitement, he told himself. You had to be cool, you couldn't let yourself get caught up. He put his hands in his pockets, sauntering, suppressing the excitement that came surging up almost at once.

Overhead the swings spun wildly, their occupants shrieking. Everywhere Ricky turned there were barkers yelling, pleading, cajoling. There was the Whip, red as a fire engine, rattling, heavy cars round its thundering oval platform. The roundabout spun giddily, blurring to bluish grey, pouring its brazen music into the general hubbub. Maddened by the uproar around them, two dogs rushed blindly past him, barking, barking without pause.

Suddenly he stopped. There across the grass from him, in a long black tray, glittering sharply in the sunlight, a mess of diamonds was spread. He moved closer, dodging between the bystanders, the sparkles in the tray dancing with every movement of his head. Lined up on the dusty black velvet, rank after shining rank of them, he saw dozens—or was it hundreds?—of tiny, fragile, unbelievable figures. Pigs, birds, elephants, horses, antelopes, clowns—the whole of creation seemed to be there, and all of it fashioned from the most delicate, the frailest and finest glass he had ever seen. His breath caught as he leaned over the display. Though his first impression had been of white brilliance, he saw now that most of the models were tinted, honey-colored horses, pale green elephants, pink pigs.

He became aware of a droning, toneless voice from the other side of the tray and, looking up, saw in the hot green shadow of the canvas a fat man with a bald head sitting hunched over an open lamp. The flame of the lamp was taut, hissing pale under pressure and it yielded only slightly to the gusts of the wind. The bald man held what looked like a rod of red glass in the flame, twisting it and then, interrupting his monologue to apply it to his mouth for a moment, blew a sudden pink bubble of glass. Holding the bubble in the flame with a small pair of tongs and pausing occasionally to blow gently into the tube, he manipulated it quickly and adroitly, his commentary proceeding almost unchecked. Against the hissing of the flame and the windy noises of the fair, his mumbled words were mostly inaudible, but Ricky it was enough to be able to watch the dexterity of his fingers. A final twist, a final snap with the tongs. Then a pale girl came forward and, taking the model from the glass blower's hand, added yet another pink pig to the collection on the tray. The fat man picked up a cup of tea and, sipping from it, Ricky was astonished that he could be so indifferent to the treasure that his hands had fashioned and his eyes returned wonderingly to the bright frailties on the velvet in front of him. There was the latest pig, vivid in the sunlight with only a minute kink in the curl of its tail to differentiate it from the others. Was it possible the



MACLEAN'S






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In all this great land no asset is more valuable than the faith of its people.

And throughout our history this rich heritage has been in worthy hands. Generation after generation of Canadian women have received its untarnished into their hearts and passed it on, burnished bright, in daily practice, to their children and grandchildren.

Today that faith, unchanged and unchanging, is moulding the character and conduct of Canadian children and preparing them for the vital part they will play in the Canada of the future.

*Always buy the best—buy Weston's*

Weston's

GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

# Surprise! Treat!

**REAL FRENCH BREAD**



## Glariously Crusty, Wonderfully Tasty—made with fast-acting DRY Yeast!

● Once you've nibbled the crust of this super-crispy French Bread you'll never be able to stop. Men will go on a bread diet for *days* with it. It's fascinatingly simple to make with this recipe—using the wonderful new Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast!

**If you bake at home**—forget your former worries with perishable yeast! Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast keeps full strength and fast-acting for months without refrigeration. Keep it in the cupboard—get a dozen packages to-day.

### FRENCH BREAD
(makes 3 loaves)

Scald
- ½ cup milk
- ¾ cup water
- 1 tablespoon granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 2 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. Meanwhile, measure into a large bowl
- ½ cup lukewarm water
- 1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of
- 2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes. THEN stir well; stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Measure into a large mixing bowl
- 4½ cups once-sifted bread flour

Make a well in the centre and add liquids all at once. Mix thoroughly, then knead slightly in the bowl. Cover with a damp cloth and set in a warm place free from draught; let rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down dough, cover with damp cloth and again let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out on lightly floured board and divide into 3 equal portions. Knead each piece lightly and shape into a thin loaf about 12 inches long. Place well apart on greased cookie sheet and with a pair of scissors cut diagonal slashes in top of loaves, about 1½ inches apart. Let rise, uncovered, until doubled in bulk. Bake in a hot oven (400°) for 15 minutes; then reduce oven heat to 350° bake 15 minutes, brush with a mixture of 1 slightly beaten egg white and 2 tablespoons water and bake until loaves are cooked—about 20 minutes longer. Cool bread in a draught, by an open window.







## FIRST JOURNEY AWAY FROM HOME

Not what he's looking at he sees—
The climbing hill-road, apple trees

With grey arms wide beneath the green
Of leafy twig and branch they lean

From where he's sitting on a cloud
And pines convening in a crowd

Are voiceless as cathedral towers
Between the clocking of the hours

Because his journey looms so near
He's started *now*, he is not here

His mother murmurs she will miss him,
Tomorrow she will cry and kiss him;

He'll give her vague half-sorry pats
The dog will lick his hand the cats

Will wind a serpentine good-by
Around his legs His dreaming eye

Seeks distance on the railroad track—
He has no thought of coming back

—BLYTHE GANNING THOMAS

fat man could have made all these? His eyes moved fascinatedly over the models and at once for the first time with a pang like cold water in his stomach he saw his mother's present.

There were three of them, slightly bigger than the other models and a little to one side of them. Windmills. All of clear white glass, their vanes a filigree of fine glass threads like cobwebs. Each had a tower of solid glass struts with narrow bases criss-crossing between them and each tower was topped off with a small glass ball. Taking the sunlight they flared with the white fire of ice. Ricky stood staring.

And what can I do for you, sir?"

It was a few seconds before he realized that it was to him that the pale girl was speaking. She leaned over the tray toward him, her smile at once insinuating and bleak.

"How much is a windmill?"

"Oh, yes. A windmill. Those are rather special aren't they? Look," she said, spinning the vanes with her finger, "the sails go round too. Eight shillings and sixpence. Would you like one? Shall I wrap it?"

"No thanks. I was just taking it, yes."

The girl indifferent, drifted away.

RICKY felt that the two shillings in his pocket had suddenly become lighter and less substantial, but at the same time he wasn't very surprised. You couldn't expect to buy anything like one of those windmills cheap. People who had been watching the glass blowing were moving away, the pale girl had withdrawn into the shadow of the booth and the fat man seemed to be resting.

Hands in pockets, pursing his mouth, Ricky turned away. At least he now had something definite, a price and a purchase to aim at. He strolled more confidently between the sideshows, quite forgetful of the racket and color around him, intent on finding a breeding ground for the coins in his pocket.

This sort of thing, tossing small rings at awkwardly shaped prizes, was useless. Even if you won you could hardly persuade the pale girl to do a swap. The coconut shies, where he might have had some success, were no better. If he won at all it would have to be money. For a while he hung round a stall where people were coiling pennies on a red-and-white checkboard and winning or losing according to whether their coins dropped in a square or across the lines. But he soon saw that most of them were losing, and even when they won it was only a few pennies at a time.

He moved on down the green alley between the booths. The din in his ears had trumpeted, squealed and shouted itself into monotony and he went on listlessly, his face set in a stiff smile.

Two young girls, arm in arm, giggling huskily, their glances darting on all sides, walked slowly by. The visitors to the resort, driven from the beach by the wind, thronged about him, jostling him as he walked, laughing, disputing, teasing, lining up to have their fortunes told, to see the mermaph




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rushing to buy ice cream and pink lemonade. A tall lugubrious man with a sagging belly like a kangaroo strolling by hawked thickly in his throat, spat [illegible] the grass, and carefully ran his foot on the spit. Three boys older than himself, elegantly dressed in dark blue blazers and grey flannels were standing beside a skittle alley. They stared pointedly at his khaki shorts and dirty sand shoes. The tallest made some remark to the others and they all laughed noisily, staring at him challenging him to show signs of resentment. He saw they were waiting for an excuse to accost him and pick a quarrel and he hurried on. He was careful not to look round but his back felt exposed and cold. There was a knot of men in front of him, standing in front of an open booth, and he slipped in among them, threading his way to the counter. He was relieved to sense the men's bodies closing up behind him, hemming him in.

Well who's next?" the man behind the counter was saying. He looked down at Ricky and grinned across at the men above the boy's head. Then he stooped confidentially. "You want to try your luck, young shaver?"

No," Ricky said promptly. He had no intention of being drawn into a contest before he had sized it up and he was faintly repelled by the condescension in the man's voice and his un-South African accent. Then he entered a board, bright orange at the back of the booth, painted in large blue letters.

FIVE SHIES A SHILLING!
WIN FIVE SHILLINGS!
FIVE TO ONE!

What do I shy at?"

The heavily built man in charge of the stall stepped elaborately aside. He was evidently something of a wag, in his own eyes at least.

"Observe," he said, his hand flourishing largely. "Yonder we have Bi-*seek*-le Bi-*seek*-le notice. *Bicycle* may be good enough for you and me, but not for him. He is mounted, as you see, on a wooden seat. And the seat, in turn, is mounted on a bar or beam. And at the other end of the beam we have the target, or mark. For a modest outlay I provide you with ammunition for the aforesaid target—to wit, cricket balls. Five of them. You throw. You throw accurately. You hit the bull. What happens? A catch is sprung, the bar is released, the bar tilts, and Bi-*seek*-le is deposited, to the delight of all present, into the tub of sea water which, as you see, awaits him below."

He paused, sniffing acknowledging the rather contemptuous chuckles of the men standing round. "More than that. Not only do I provide us all with some sport and Bi-*seek*-le with a ducking, but also provide yourself with the sun—not pennies perhaps, but not to be sneezed at either—of five bob.

The beefy florid face inclined toward Ricky again. "Well," he said sharply, "what d'you think of that?"

The boy realized the barker was simply using him talking into him as he might have talked into a microphone. It was the men standing behind whom he was really addressing. Even a grown man would have found it difficult to hit so small a target and the booth was long and narrow, so that you had to throw hard. The pickaninny called Bicycle dressed only in a garment like a nightshirt looked small and forlorn on his perch. He was dripping wet and the wind catching him in the shadow of the canvas roof kept him constantly shivering. Every now and then he fell into a bout of coughing, his little body doubling up painfully. At the other end of the pivoted bar was the target, a deceptively large disc of wood with a small black bull.

Ricky took his eyes off the pickaninny and put one of his shillings on the counter. "I'll have a shot."

"Splendid! Splendid!" The barker's voice was unctuously patronizing. Obviously he hadn't expected the boy to accept his challenge. "Five balls for the younger generation," he added, fishing them up from under the counter. "Everything ready for the plunge."

Ricky picked up a cricket ball. It felt comfortable in his hand, but heavy to throw so far. The men standing round moved back, giving him room to swing his arm.

"Hey, look at this, man!" said a voice behind him. "He's just about as small as that little black devil up there."

Ricky swung back, gathered himself, and tried to throw the ball high and slow. But he didn't put enough force behind it and it fell short, rapping the lower edge of the wooden disc. At least it was straight. There was a murmur of encouragement.

"*Moos shoot!*"

"Nice work, kid. Try it a bit harder."

Another ball, feeling heavier than the first. He threw it hard enough this time but it swung over to the left and almost missed the target altogether.

"Hey! Come on! You can do better than that!"

The muscles in his shoulder started to ache and he knew he could not afford to throw too often. He picked up the third ball and balanced it in his hand, measuring the distance to the target with his eye. Then with an easy fluent swing he sent it flying up the length of the booth.

There was a sharp clear *clack* from the wood, the beam thudded across and the little Zulu pitched into the water on his face. Ricky could hear the exclamations of the men behind him, felt one of them slapping him warmly on the back, but he stood quite still, watching the tub of water. Would the pickaninny get out of it all right? Surely you could be drowned falling face-first into a tub of water like that? He was relieved to see the small sodden figure clumb out. Bicycle crawled up onto his perch and the barker swung the beam back until it was level again. For a minute the small black face was directed at the group in front of the booth. Then it was hidden as another bout of coughing caught him. It was a frightful cough, as though the small chest was tearing itself open.

The barker came back to the counter, his heavy red face scrupulously smiling. He put two half crowns and Ricky's original shilling on the wooden counter. The two balls that the boy had not used he quickly removed.

"So my friends. It seems we have a prodigy in our midst. Five shies are two too many for him." He stooped forward so he had done before bringing his face uncomfortably close. "Have another go? You're not finished, you know. The soul of liberality, that's me. Everyone can have another turn. Besides, this is rather special isn't it? Youth versus youth, you might say. What d'you say?"

Not quite realizing what he was doing, remembering only that it was imperative to win again, Ricky picked up the half crowns, leaving his shilling on the counter. There were mutters of approval behind him.

"All right," he said softly.

Five more balls on the counter. The barker stepped aside, giving them a sight of the little Zulu again. He had stopped coughing and sat quietly, the wind whipping the wet nightshirt

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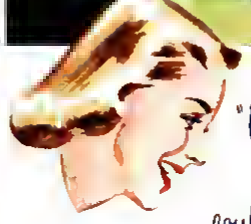
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against his dangling legs. As they watched he fell into a fit of shuddering, his shoulders jerking in convulsive spasms.

"Man, look at that poor little bastard shiver! Looks almost as if he was dancing, doesn't he? There's one chap who hopes you miss!"

The barker smiled his sneering smile. "Don't you worry about Bi-seek-le. He's used to it. How about me? I stand to lose five bob, don't I?"

Ricky picked up the first ball and sent it flying. It was close, but not quite close enough.

"*Amperties jong!*"

"Hard luck! Never mind, you've got four more."

Feeling rather sick he picked up the next. As the ball left his hand he had seen the Zulu boy flinch, hugging himself as if he expected it to hit him. He had no confidence in the next throw, and it went wide, striking the canvas at the back of the booth much too low.

"Getting a bit tired, eh?" The barker made no attempt to keep the note of satisfaction out of his voice.

"Well, well. You can't have everything, you know."

Ricky's shoulder was painful now, and he felt sheky from the effort to throw beyond his strength. He drew back again the third ball in his hand, and swung his arm. But one of the men behind had moved forward, and his arm brushed against him as he threw, disturbing his balance. The ball pitched straight at the Zulu on the perch, and it was only by leaping quickly off his seat that he avoided it. This time he fell upright into the water with a smaller splash.

"Hey! That's not the way to do it!"

"It's not the kid's fault. It's you. Yes you. You knocked his arm."

"Come on, stand back *jong!* Give him room."

Bicycle was back on his perch in a few seconds, climbing onto it from the edge of the tub. His dark face was quite expressionless. It seemed that he took the extra ducking as a matter of course.

"Well," said the barker, "I wouldn't call that exactly orthodox, but you're not the first to try it. I may as well point out, that Bi-seek-le is quite prepared for the more homicidal of our customers. So unless you're only concerned to give him a few extra wettings—which he put to beautiful judging by the vehemence of your throw I'm prepared to doubt—you'll have to do a good deal better than that." He stood aside, scratching his stomach with his grimy hands, winking and grinning over Ricky's head.

Ricky hated him, hated his wicked sentences and his overripe voice. Suddenly he hated the lot of them. He snatched up a cricket ball and, venting his feelings in the iron flung it hard and high and straight at the target, hardly feeling the sharp twinge in his shoulder.

*Clack.*

There was a cheer as the Zulu plunged off his perch again, smacking flat on the water. The men were clapping Ricky on the back. He stood miserably, waiting for the dripping figure to emerge from the tub. The barker bustled up, pushing the silver coins across the counter to him.

"No more. That's the rule, gents isn't it? Disqualified after two wins. Move along now. Give someone else a turn. Come on, boy. Pick up your money. D'you want me to keep it? How much more do you want?" He smiled lopsidedly at the bystanders. "Thirty pieces, that's what he wants. Thinks he's Judas. Come on, get out of the way."

Mechanically Ricky put the coins into his pocket, turning and ducking away between the grinning onlookers. He felt shaky and faint and a heavy spittle of disgust had collected so thickly in his throat that he had to pause behind a canvas booth to get rid of it. He stood there for a while, deaf to the sounds of the fairground and grateful for the freshness of the seawind blowing in his face.

THE SUN had set and the late summer sky was fading to pearl with here and there a smudge of carrel cloud as John Makanya came down the sandy path. His feet kept falling into step with the march-tune that blew across from the fair. Then he would break the rhythm, walking faster. There was something derisive in the raunty blare of the music and it irritated him to submit to it.

A small figure in khaki appeared on the slope below him and he struck off across the dimming grass to meet it. Apart from the two of them the long sweep of pasture down to the rocky coast was deserted; anyone not at supper was probably at the fair.

Ricky was walking slowly with his head down. He looked up as the Zulu approached. "Hallo John. Are you off?"

"Baas Ricky, you better hurry. Meess Ellen she's been looking for you. Eet's past seven o'clock."

The boy paid no attention. "Look here," he said. "I bought a present." He handed Makanya the book he had been carrying. It was obviously second hand, stained and battered. The Zulu looked at the spine. "The Law of the Constitution." Ricky looked tired. "What had he been up to?"

"Ees there for your mother?"

"Of course not. It's for you. Is it a good book?"

"Very good, yes." No point in telling the boy he already had a copy, parked away with his other books at home. "But what about your mother? Deed you get something for her?"

"I got tha book of the news speech. He's got a whole lot of old books at the back of his shop. One and six. That's cheap isn't it? I've got two shillings to give back to Ellen too."

"What about the present for your





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mother Baas Reecky" Deed you get one?"

Ricky unbuttoned his shirt and showed a glimpse of a cardboard box "It's a glass windmill I don't want it to get broken.

He sounded so indifferent the Zulu was about to question him further but he restrained himself It was none of his business

"Don't you like the book?"

"Yes indeed I'm most concerned

"Look here John you've got to go back to college. You *must*. I want you to go back Say you will John

Nkonyana had almost forgotten his own affairs Now the oppressive weight of consciousness descended again Looking down into the boy's eyes the impetuosity and heftlessness in them he felt suddenly heavy with despair like a patient reminded of his disease All the misery and frustration trebled in him again ready to come flooding back But he repressed it forcing it down.

"I cannot say so now Baas Reecky

He hardly realized that he had spoken looking at the boy He saw that Ricky's expression was strained and intense Surely he hadn't spent the whole afternoon brooding over their conversation?

"I weell theenk about it again," he said trying to sound as if he meant it Anyway he reflected bitterly in one sense it was perfectly true

"You must John" You *must*" The fierce young voice demanded reassurance Dropping his eyes Nkonyana saw a shell in the grass beside his shoe He put his foot on it grinding it into the earth The earnestness in the boy's voice touched him more closely than he wanted to admit What reassurance could he give? He tried to smile forcing the rising brusqueness out of his voice

"You better hurry Meess Ellen weell want to see what you bought

"Are you really going to think about it?"

"Yes Baas Reecky I promise I weell."

Giving the boy an time to reply he turned away Their figures moved apart on the wan green of the pasture Nkonyana going slowly down toward the shore without looking back He breathed deeply inhaling the fresh wet air A group of Zulus who had spent the afternoon hanging over the fence that enclosed the fairground fascinated by the diversions they were not allowed to enjoy were strolling homeward along the empty beach As they walked they chanted softly but the booming of the surf drowned the words of their song. He paused watching them pass on the darkened sand Behind them the thin exhausted waves came running in shining like steel in the dusk

The air was turning chilly now but in his abstraction he did not notice it. He came to a sunken sandy path that led down to the beach and made his way along it moving down between the gentle slopes of the grass-entangled dunes Out on the beach the sand was soft and still warm from the sun He plodded through it making for the water and when it grew firm and wet underfoot he turned aside skirting the yellowish line of drying foam that marked the reach of the waves. Here the walking was easier and as he went on he opened the book and glanced at the pages, reading here and there. There were marginal annotations in pencil and at the sight of them a wave of nostalgia swept up in him

Feeling desperate and shocked to find how violent the feeling was, he snapped the book shut again Something in him was famished silently shrieking for the learning, the discipline of thought to which it had grown accustomed He had had no notion that it could be so powerful so implacably demanding Involuntarily he quickened his pace

The noise of the fair was far off and now he walked with only the thunderous drumming of the surf in his ears. and the soft cold swishing of the spent waves. He went on across the beach until he came to the rocks that blocked it off from the next bay Skirting the dull rock pools and hesitating from rock to rock he made his way along the broken surface of the promontory until he came to the point where it fell suddenly away below him into the sea Here grateful for the loneliness of the situation he sat down on the damp stone To right and left of him the Natal coast looped away bay after bay of it into the dusk. Below him the heavy black swell of the sea rose and fell rose and fell palely foaming where it met the angles of the rocks It was like sitting on the end of a pier a pier that had been smashed flat by the sea so that now it was nothing but a straggling jumble of huge stones.

He sat for a long time there without moving dimly aware of the darkness drawing in around him The book that the boy had given him lay on the rock beside him The sky grew darker and as the light died away the line of the horizon disappeared Blowing in off the sea the wind turned colder High on the rocks exposed to the spray that blew across damping his shirt, Nkonyana began to shiver He sat looking down sightlessly not noticing the shuddering of his shoulders

Below on if waiting for some force to fling him from his perch the Indian Ocean heaved and subsided the white foam tossing on the unfathomable blackness of the water ★

## Sailor Malan Fights His Greatest Battle

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

stand that parliament can adopt any procedure it likes He contended that parliament was supreme and not bound by the two-thirds requirement of the South Africa Act which was drafted by a South African national convention in 1909 and enacted by the British parliament to give the Union a legal foundation.

Smuts' heir and disciple Jacobus Strauss Leader of the Opposition charged the Nationalist cabinet with breaking the constitution and going back on past pledges When the Appeal Court last March threw out the Voters Act as being unconstitutional Dr Malan set up a new High Court of Parliament which, in turn, set aside the Appeal Court's ruling The position is further tangled by the fact that the government's legislation setting up the new High Court was challenged last month in the ordinary Supreme Court and found to be of no legal force null and void."

The challenge to Dr Malan's racial and nationalistic policy which had since been augmented by a passive-resistance campaign by blacks and coloreds and which had led to rumors of the creation of a republic had its start in Johannesburg when a group of veterans formed an action committee and called in Sailor Malan The Sailor had no stomach for politics but regarded it as his duty to step into the breach The action committee, which developed into the Torch Commando was a movement he understood

He threw his heart and soul into it from the beginning and defined its fundamental aims

1. To work for the satisfactory entrenchment of the rights of the South African people
2. To combat Communism
3. To combat authoritarianism.
4. To restore democratic government
5. To maintain full partnership within the Commonwealth
6. To work toward harmony and full co-operation between all races in South Africa

"To operate efficiently" Sailor laid down "the action front should form an organization capable of quick mobilization and high mobility It should be well disciplined The pyramid formation of Fives organization seems ideally suited for the purpose This type of organization in which one man is responsible for four others can be mobilized at great speed and little cost Five persons can get into one motor vehicle so that, if the five are grouped properly complete mobility can be achieved

The political arena in South Africa is all-white The nonwhites are on the fringes but do not participate directly The quickest way for a South African politician to go out of business is to make common cause with nonwhites or even to be branded a "liberal" The Torch Commando realized this and deliberately avoided taking a definite stand on the color issue which dominates South African politics and is too hot to handle by inexperienced politicians. The Commando does not ban nonwhites as members but it had not taken any steps to recruit them To have done so would have defeated its object—to unseat the Government of Dr. Malan at the election next year

What followed the founding of the Torch Commando astonished everyone On May 4, 1951 four thousand war veterans staged a "freedom march by torchlight through the streets of Johannesburg a city the size of Vancouver Marching in columns eight abreast they converged on the City Hall steps singing Tipperary Fuck Up Your Troubles and the Afrikaner song Sarie Marais Twenty thousand people turned out to cheer When Sailor Malan mounted the dais the crowd gave him an ovation Here was a great war hero—a strapping handsome romantic magnetic personality Rhetorically he asked the crowd "Are we going to allow a handful of politicians to take away our freedom?"

The two Malans look at the South African scene from opposite sides They embody the bitter struggle between conflicting trends for long-term control of one of the richest countries in the world and its 2,500,000 Afrikaners (Dutch) 1,100,000 English speakers 8,500,000 blacks, 1,000,000 coloreds, 360,000 East Indians

They are both of Dutch and French Huguenot descent but as different as chalk and cheese Dr Malan is a purebred Afrikaner a Nationalist purist The sources of his power are Afrikaner unity and maintenance of white civilization" which is interpreted




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and bar DFC and bar—the greatest fighter pilot of all time according to Quentin Reynolds—knew all about fighting in the sky but only vaguely understood the intricacies and pitfalls of South African politics. Bring catapulted into politics at forty-one was an extraordinary experience for him. It was the second time he had feared danger to his family, the second time a feeling of frustration in the face of superior odds had made him embark on a course for which he was not prepared.

The first was on the night of June 18, 1940, when German bombers swooped low over the English village of Westcliff-on-Sea where his wife Lynda had just given birth to their first child, Jonathan. Sailor stood helplessly on the tarmac of an English airfield beside his Spitfire—their only a daylight plane—cursing the thirty German bombers that bombed the Thames Estuary at will. Anger drove him to telephone Air Vice-Marshal C. A. Reuchlen, officer commanding the Hornchurch fighter station. "I can hear the Hun overhead," he pleaded. "Can I take off?"

Bourhier, who told this story and who rated Sailor as the greatest of day fighter pilots, consented, and Sailor roared into the night sky in his Spitfire.

"I could see the Dornier planes in the moonlight," says Sailor. "Two I shot down and the rest made off."

"Taking a Spitfire into the sky in September 1940," he said afterward, "was like entering a dark room with a madman waving a knife behind your back. But he had an unusual flying sense and possessed an uncanny grasp of the tactical and organizational problems of fighting in the sky. In the air he was an ice-cold killer. "You have to be cold when you are fighting," he said. "You fight with the head, not with the heart."

Malan is credited with destroying three enemy planes before breakfast—without firing a shot. From a great height he dived through a formation of enemy fighters. Three peeled off in pursuit. Just when he was about to hit the ground he pulled out of his dive. The Germans misjudged the distance and all three crashed.

### A Fish Out of Water

Under his command the famed RAF station in Kent, Biggin Hill, scored a thousand victories over the Luftwaffe. Then Sailor was grounded with a training job. His war reputation is not based on his bag of thirty-two enemy planes but on his mastery of the science of air warfare. The basic principles he laid down for aerial fighting became known as Malan's ten commandments. Winston Churchill became godfather to Jonathan.

The Sailor was attached to a remarkable dog of doubtful parentage named Prier. The dog followed him everywhere, whether bombs were falling or not. He had a curious habit of closing doors behind his master and heard the squadron returning before anyone else. He always made a beeline for the machine Malan had been piloting.

After the war Sailor arrived in a bad state. He wanted to return to South Africa and by chance met Harry Oppenheimer, only son of Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, the greatest gold and diamond owner in the world. Oppenheimer took an immediate liking to the airman and invited him to become his private secretary. Oppenheimer had just entered parliament as Opposition




BUT I REALLY NEED IT

My heart leaps up when I behold
A gadget in a shop.
The thought comes to me I must have it
If I have time to stop.

Though I will complain of the cost
No gadget I buy, I promise you
And though my children, friends and wife
And I will soon despise it

Though it will daunt me at the task
Of others bought before it
When first I see it I feel I must ask
May where I just add to it

My heart leaps up when I behold
A gadget in a store
With more than my whole house can hold,
I want a thousand more!

—TOM TALMAN





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Before he could fulfill this responsibility he devoted years to the study of the highly specialized subjects of his profession. To earn his college degree for example he had to acquire a fundamental knowledge of many sciences such as chemistry, physics, biology. He mastered not the details of compounding and dispensing drugs, chemicals and other individual agents.

And after his formal education your pharmacist's professional study does not end. For there are constant changes and progress in medicine and pharmacy with which he must keep abreast.

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member for [redacted] Kimberley

Sailor was like a lot of [redacted] in an office job and he never felt at home among the politicians. He was no highly educated and was at a disadvantage among so many men who had university careers. This feeling turned to scorn. A close associate summed it up this way: "Sailor is a hunter. He has very little conciliation in him. He is not prepared to concede he fights to a finish. He did not mix well with us politicians. Politics as a game to a large extent you are supposed to listen to a point of view, but Sailor [redacted] patience. He thinks most politicians are humbug."

By 1940 Sailor had taken up farming on twenty-seven thousand acres of land eight miles from Kimberley. He is as proud of his Aberdeen-Angus bulls as he was of his Spitfire. His house, a cattle-stone bungalow, has the typical lamp verandah of the farmhouses in the diamond fields. The metal roof curves over the stoep (verandah) and sits squatly over the rest of the weather-beaten brick and plaster structure. One of the first things he did was to install hot and cold running water. The cold is as flat as a Canadian prairie and as dry as Texas.

Sailor likes nothing better than to be out in the open and will ride miles on horseback to tend a sick animal. Often he carries a shotgun. Firearms are almost an obsession.

He had hardly settled down to farm life when Dr. Malan produced the Voters' Act which caused the raging constitutional crisis. Instinct made Sailor turn to face what he regarded as an attack on everything he believed in. He began to devote most of his time to the Torch Commando and eventually had to engage a manager to look after the farm.

In the Commando he was confronted again with barristers and other highly educated men, but he was not awed. He thrust doggedly away at his point and soon impressed them all with his flair for organization. The keener the discussion became the more he bit on his pipe. He has a staccato way of speaking the words coming in bursts. He never beats about the bush nor reads on political platforms and writes his own speeches.

In its first fourteen months the Torch Commando mushroomed to 334,922 members—built as many as the thirty-eight-year-old Nationalist Party polled when it won the 1948 elections. Only persons with military service can hold executive position in the Commando.

"This movement," Sailor says, "should not be an offshoot of a political party, but a political pressure group. In the political policy we adopt we should stick strictly to fundamentals. Our objective is to remove the National Government from power. Our weapons will be the ballot box."

The Torch Commando will not run candidates in next year's elections. It has formed a United Democratic Front with the two Opposition parties and will throw all its weight behind these parties.

### With Generals and Judges

The two Malans have waged merciless political warfare. Dr. Malan frequently attacks the Commando. He charged recently: "The Torch Commando is a most dangerous organization. . . . not just a flash in the pan. . . . it is ruled by an inner ring . . . of reckless individuals." In March he said the Commando was selling under false colors and might be waiting to seize its opportunity "to do what it has in mind" when chaos, perhaps of its own making, overcame the country.

These attacks caused speculation that the Government planned direct action, perhaps banning against the Commando. The Leader of the Opposition, Jacobus Strauss, warned that "the Prime Minister will touch the Commando at his peril." Few non-Nationalists believe the Government insinuations that the Commando is dangerous and bent on revolution. The Commando bristles with retired generals and other high-ranking officers but also with retired Supreme Court judges including the Rt. Hon. N. J. de Wet, formerly Chief Justice and Acting Governor-General during the war. A recent recruit is Alan Paton, author of "Cry, the Beloved Country."

If Sailor Malan can forge the medley of men and ideals that make up the Torch Commando into a peaceful instrument to win his beloved country security and peaceful progress then, though there'll be no medals to mark the victory, he'll win the biggest battle of his life. ★


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## London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

conquering civilization mission I always wondered why they stopped at the borders of Yorkshire and wrote no further but now I understand. In the far-off years the English built their roads on the assumption that it was for one-way traffic only. It never seemed to occur to them that somebody might want to return, or that a horse and cart might even intend to travel south.

I have a car which can do ninety miles an hour on a good road if no one is looking. It would be fun to open the throttle and let her rip. But I had not allowed for what we call lorries and which North Americans call trucks.

On the morning of our departure it seemed that every lorry in England had decided to go north. Time after time we would poke the nose of our car out with the absurd idea of passing them, but all we did was to gain a hundred yards or so and then settle down behind some more lorries. Finally we got behind one that was slightly larger than a house and stayed there until we knocked off at Stamford for lunch. We had traveled eighty-seven miles in four hours on the open road, which was slightly better than in the old coaching days, which shows that we are progressing.

It was a pleasant inn, with an old cemetery opposite in a lovely churchyard, and we were served with that English specialty, tired chicken. I don't know what makes chicken so tired in England. They lack and taste like rather tender wood. But the cheese was good, which is no wonder because we had just passed through the ancient town of Stilton.

That night, having shaken off the lorries, we made good time and put up at a lovely country hotel where we had a very mixed grill for dinner. How so many ingredients of such opposing character could all taste exactly alike is a secret known only to English cooks. "You will find the cooking very much better in Scotland," said my wife. "They understand food better north of the border."

In bed that night I read Oscar Wilde's *De Profundis* but even it seemed to have lost its flavor.

Now let us put away our grumblings and admit that motoring across the Yorkshire moors as we did next day is something to stir the jaded pulse and invigorate the most sluggish imagination. England is such a little country and yet it can create a sense of vast loneliness greater than the desert or the Alps.

For miles on end the only inhabitants to be seen were the sheep grazing on the moors. Here and there we would come upon a shepherd's hut, but we never saw the shepherd. This was the setting that drew forth the nimbers genius of the Brontës. The great grim sloping hills with their hints of mist made us feel that in our car we had invaded nature's forbidden temple and that at any moment the Storm Gods would turn in fury upon us.

But the Scottish border was not far ahead and there was magic in the thought. One may dispute with the Scots—in fact it is impossible to do anything else—but there is magic in the very word "Scotland."

In three answer country whose sons have been rewarded so little at home and have given so much to the outside world? One does not expect gratitude from Russia, yet even the Bolsheviks might remember that Scots soldiers fought for Ivan the Terrible in the Sixteenth Century and helped him to put down traitors at home and enemies abroad. There were four Scots at the court of Peter the Great who did so much to civilize the Muscovites that one of them was called Father of Russian Science, and another named Bruce had a street named after him in Moscow.

But I anticipate. We are still in Yorkshire, although the lorries have long since disappeared and the car is doing a consistent fifty miles an hour as we make for the border. We pass Carlyle's birthplace. Why not stop and have a look at the house that ushered into the world that cantankerous genius who broadened the horizon of the human mind? That however is the curse of motoring: you surrender your soul to the internal combustion engine and become a slave of speed. What is the hurry? Scotland can wait. So can Sir David Robertson. Yet we hurl ourselves past Carlyle, having seen no more than a sign telling us that he was born there.

The same thing happened at the Scottish border. Here was Gretna Green, that wayside shrine dedicated to runaway marriages. There was a MARRIAGE PARLOUR or words to that effect. But did we pause? As a good journalist I should have got out and married my wife again—in spite of the fact that we might not like runaway love. Instead we went past at forty miles an hour as if we had a murderous wife and the clans.

That night we put up at the luxurious Gleneagles Hotel, which is owned by the nationalized British Railways. It has two golf courses and in the courtyard there is a fountain that splashes

*Continued on page 44*




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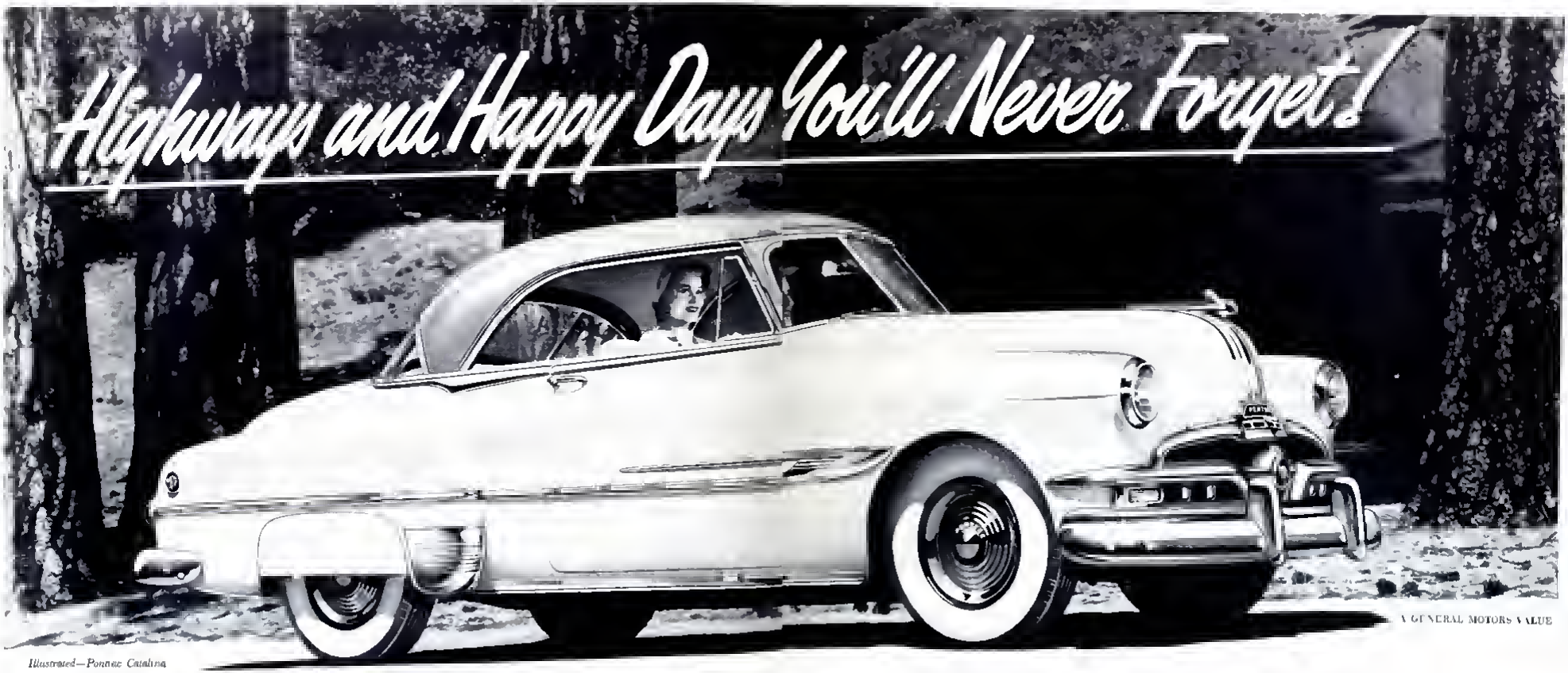
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**PONTIAC..THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS!**


MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE OCTOBER 15, 1952

*Continued from page 41*

day and night so that if it is not raining it sounds as if it is

There are no tired chicknns at Gleneagles and not even the suggestion of a mixed grill The chef is a poet an artist a dreamer The waiters are courtiers at the palace of Sans Souci It is a brave man who dines there without changing into a dinner jacket and the wines are the perfect progeny of the sun and grape

Only one shadow darkens the brightness of this paradise Gleneagles is set between two ranges of hills and when the clouds sag low there it rains It is the one topic of conversation among the golfers The last word spoken at night is Will it rain tomorrow?" The only answer is the splashing fountain in the courtyard

It was drizzling when we left next morning but heavy clouds were converging However we shook them off and soon we had entered the land of magic—the Highlands of Scotland Is there in all the world such a feast of color?—gold and green and purple until the senses are ravished by their beauty Minutain streams rush on their way white billowing clouds flirt with the noon-day sun black-faced sheep nibble the grass with complete disdain for the passing car the lonely cottage snuggles against the hillside

Bloody battles have been fought in the Highlands We passed Culloden Field where cruel Cumberland stained the name of England We passed Bannockburn which still spreads its magic upon mankind But there is no magic in the villages which are hard unlovely things

You see no flowers in the windows or roses round the door Not only is life hard in the Highlands but I suspect that the Scot is proud of it and will not dissemble There is hardly a cottage in the Austrian Alps that is not festooned with flowers but the Highland Scot lives in granite and takes on its unyielding character

Yet they are proudly courteous to the stranger and their voices are richly musical The girls are drably dressed but are not untidy and their faces innocent of make-up have a comely beauty that is pleasant to see Their old devil rain is no mean beauty specialist The skin of a Highland lassie would make the young women of New York or Paris look like painted ghosts

Even as you came upon the scene you realized the human tragedy of the Highlands For generation after generation young men seeking a larger life have gone away across the seas They have become husbands and fathers in every country in the world while the girls they would have married work in the mills and dream of the children they will never have

In the long wars against England the Scots died in their thousands and tens of thousands In the wars against Napoleon the Kaiser and Hitler they sent the flower of their manhood to be cut down by the cruel scythe of battle There are old people there are young women and there are children in the Highlands but the young men are few

Dornoch is a heavenly spot set by the blue waters of the Dornoch Firth with gentle waves laving the sandy shore Between the water and the hotel is a golf course which touches perfection and humbles man's vanity

David Robertson has us out on the links at nine in the morning and rushes us off in his car in the afternoon to see a roaring cataract with salmon leaping in the air determined to thwart the anger of the falls Or he will take us to the Highland games or the big sheep sale At night he wears the kilt and leaps into the air with barbaric cries as he dances the reels

We are so far north that it is almost the land of the midnight sun Daylight lasts until nearly eleven o'clock at night when England is in darkness at eight The clouds are as white and full as if Constable had painted them but forgot to take them away

On Sunday we went to church and heard a doughty sermon by the minister Today on the golf course still clad in clerical garb he outed my wife once and is going to partner her on Saturday a two-ball foursomes Next Sunday there will be no golf and he will warm us again of the evil in men's hearts and the need to live a clean and upright life

* * *

Well that is all I have to tell you There is no political significance in my tale neither is there a moral But when autumn comes to London and the grey sodden skies rest almost upon the roofs of the houses my mind will return to the Highlands with its yellow gorse and purple heather and I will hear again the enchantment of the Scottish voice with its music and cadence and argumentativeness

And in my mind's eye I shall see the granite villages with their memories their grim courage and their solitude set in the hills ★


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## Shakespeare Slept Here

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

them and they didn't know what he was getting at

"It was definitely not a cross section of the population" disclaimed John Wheatley, information officer of the Stratford Council. "The majority of people here are very proud of Shakespeare

So incensed were some Stratford folk that it took an apology from Sir William Haley director general of the BBC to mollify them

"It's a question of As You Like It and they didn't like it" Pickles retorted

Levi Fox a bespectacled serious young scholar palms with wrath when anybody talks about Stratford as an Avonside goldmine He is director of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust a non-profit organization responsible for the upkeep of all the genuine Shakespeare relics and buildings

"I don't think much of people who refer to Stratford as the home of the Shakespeare industry" he says sternly "There was a Stratford here before Shakespeare and there would probably have been one without him

In November Fox points out the buses the crowds and the confusion are gone and the town settles back unimpeded into its historic role of selling cattle and grain and brewing world renowned ale which is made with water from deep artesian wells and not from the sacred Avon as is popularly supposed

During the long festival season, which lasts from March until the first of November Stratford should Fox says be thought of not as a tourist paradise but as the literary Mecca of the world and a memorial to its greatest poet So far this year worshippers have come from eighty-five different countries including ten from Russia A great many are students in whom the trust takes a special interest

Its remarkable library is available for study and two years ago Birmingham University established a branch of its Shakespeare Institute in Stratford for graduate and scholarship students The British Council which exists mainly outside the British Isles for assistance to foreign scholars has established one of its two home branches in Stratford

But in spite of these manifestations of culture Shakespeare is a business and such a good one that it is almost a monopoly To make sure that nothing deters the tourists the Warwickshire County Council has carefully discouraged the development of postwar industry anywhere near Shakespeare's Avon One factory employing seven hundred people is moving as a result of a semi-official invitation to do so

There has been a long period of non co-operation by the council and we are forced to move to a more production minded area said one of its directors Another firm has been negotiating with Stratford Council for two years for permission to build a factory on land purchased some time ago But so far its owners haven't got a building permit

In addition to the Birthplace the trust maintains four properties the museum of New Place site of the house in which Shakespeare retired in 1597 after his theatrical triumphs in London Anne Hathaway's cottage where he may or may not have courted his wife the cottage believed to have been occupied by Shakespeare's mother Mary Arden and Hall's Croft home of his daughter and son in law which now houses a festival social and recreational club used principally by visiting students

Of these properties the Birthplace is much the most popular Last year 164 157 paid an entrance fee at one-and-sixpence for a guided tour around an increase of sixpence over last year's price

But some tourists don't go for the conventional sightseeing at all Mr and Mrs Donald Deacon of Unionville Ont. visited Stratford on their recent vacation in Britain simply to attend the theatre Mrs Deacon who had worked in England during the war for the Canadian government said the only other thing that interested them was the church (Stratford parish church where Shakespeare is buried)

The theatre incorporated as a separate trust is the only one in Britain and quite possibly in the world which can balance its books without much local custom Enthusiasts order tickets as much as a year in advance and there is always a queue at the box office hoping for cancellations In 1950 the theatre made a profit of seventy five thousand dollars Last year it showed a slight loss because profits went to amortize the cost of extensive renovation

Immediately after Shakespeare's death the citizens of Stratford opposed his plays but not because they wanted vaudeville They were Puritans and they didn't want any kind of frivolity In 1623 when his old theatrical colleagues the King's Men came to give in his home town the city fathers made up a purse of six shillings each to bribe them *not* to perform

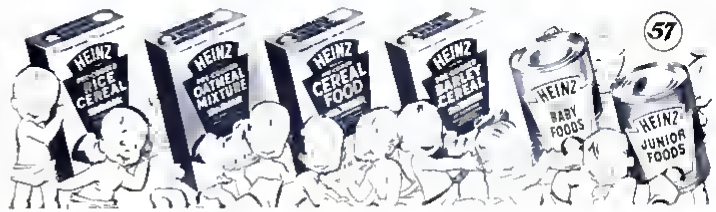
The first record of Shakespearean sightseeing in Stratford was in 1634




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when a lieutenant of the army paid a visit there and duly observed a "neat monument to the famous English poet Mr Wm. Shakespeare who was borne heere." But it really took off in a century and a half for Shakespeare, Unlimited to get into its stride.

In the early years of the eighteenth century biographers and writers were beginning to make a good living peddling spurious anecdotes about him. A man named Ireland even discovered two new plays. They were booed off the stage when he tried to present them at Drury Lane Theatre and Ireland was imprisoned.

By the middle of the century it had become plain to Stratfordians that relics and reminiscences of a mere poet were better business than grain and cows. In 1738 an improvident Stratford parson named Francis Gastrell made the biggest mistake of his life. It earned him immortal infamy and it started the local industrial ball rolling. Five years earlier he had moved into New Place, Shakespeare's house. In the yard was a mulberry tree supposedly planted by the poet's own hands. By this time so many people were coming to stare at it and to carve their initials in its sturdy trunk that, in a rage, the reckless cleric chopped it down. Shortly thereafter he burned the house down.

Now, because of Gastrell, all tourists can see of New Place is an exquisite garden planted with flowers which are mentioned in the plays and a museum exemplifying the Shakespearean way of life.

Biographical fragments about Gastrell indicate that he was a mean-spirited money-grubbing man. But he evidently did recognize a good thing when he saw it.

A commercially astute neighbor named Sharpe did. He snapped up the dismembered mulberry for a song and stretched it into enough toys and souvenirs to account for a whole forest. He did such a business that the tree eventually became a laughing stock and a scandal, but not before a crab tree, under which Shakespeare is supposed to have slept off a hangover, had become another asset in this flourishing trade.

About this time, the house where Shakespeare was born was tenanted by a widow named Mary Hornby who quickly realized its commercial possibilities. The previous occupant had placed a card in the window which said: "William Shakespeare was born in this house. N.B. A horse and taxed cart to let." The redoubtable widow collected a fund of stories, an original Shakespeare chair, which she was continuously selling and mysteriously replacing, and other genuine relics. Business became so good that her landlady, another widow, jealously put her out.

The widow Hornby parceled up her chairs and her relics and took another house down the street and for a time there were two rival birthplaces in Stratford. But before she went she applied a spiteful coat of whitewash to the Birthplace walls, obliterating the signatures of the Duke of Wellington, the German poet Schiller, Sir Walter Scott and the other great who had left evidence of their pilgrimages.

Today, just as many famous people go to the Birthplace (one guide had Harpo Marx and Jean Simmons in the same party) but there are no spurious relics and few apocryphal stories. Bought by the nation in 1847, the Birthplace became a trust by special act of parliament incorporating the other buildings associated with Shakespeare. The furniture, it is carefully pointed out, is definitely Elizabethan but it is not necessarily a legacy of the Shakespeare family.

In 1950, when King George VI, Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret visited the Birthplace, the first time a reigning monarch had ever done so—His Majesty was interested by an Elizabethan baby minder. This contraption consists of an adjustable leather band attached to a rotating pole and when fastened around the baby's waist is supposed to teach it to walk. "That," said the King, "is just what we need for Charles."

For those who must see one there is still a Shakespeare chair. It comes from the Falcon Inn, another of Stratford's principal hotels and is the seat in which the poet is said to have sat when he met with his friends there. There are also two documents which offer positive proof that John Shakespeare owned the building. And above all there is THE Letter.

Written three hundred and fifty-four years ago by an impecunious gentleman named Richard Quyney, it asks his lovingue friende and countryman Wm. Shakespeare" for a loan of thirty pounde. It is the only document to the museum, except the will, known to have been touched by the poet's hand.

The Shakespeare mystery has occupied scholars for centuries. Apart from the plays, all that is positively known of his life could be summed up on two sides of a postcard. Although many "portraits" of Shakespeare exist it is almost impossible to be certain what he looked like.

He was born at Stratford and after his marriage left wife and three children to go to London. There he became a prosperous shareholder in theatrical enterprises, a moderately successful actor and dramatist. He retired to Stratford and as a local property owner appears to have turned his hand to moneylending. He died at fifty-two.

There is a gap of about seven years in his life. Lawyers must he spent it as an articled clerk in a law office because he knew so much about their profession. Soldiers say he spent it in the army because he knew so much about them. Some scholars say he was a secret service agent. Early last August Dr. Franco Colalfrice, an Italian Shakespearean claimed to have discovered that Shakespeare was on business for the crown in Verona in 1591, where he picked up background material for Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew and Two Gentlemen of Verona.

When a few weeks ago a night lecturer for the London County Council claimed Shakespeare had been a spy for Walsingham, right hand man of Queen Elizabeth I, the Russians saw a chance to get in a few hot licks in the propaganda war. Actor-director Ruben Simonov exploded in Pravda:

> This is a monstrous insult to the poet's high giving personality. Arrant imitators of this dirty defamation are thinking of using Shakespeare's name to whitewash British diplomacy in the monstrous provocations against peace and international security, sealed by American aggressors. The gigantes hair raised a rattle cry around the pedestal of a great man. It is disgusting.

Although the Russians haven't yet claimed they invented Shakespeare there are some people who say that the small-time actor from Stratford wasn't Shakespeare at all. Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford is the real Shakespeare says one group. Another group claims he was a company of authors like the men who collaborated on the King James version of the Bible.

The most vocal of the Shakespeare nonbelievers, however, are the Baconians who since 1805 have been trying to convince the world that the right way to spell Will Shakespeare is Francis Bacon. Two years ago with a resurgence of their pre-war energy, the Baconians reopened their attack with publication of a rare book written in 1626 and translated from the Latin which describes Bacon as the world's greatest poet.

The book does a lot to shake the faith of the supporters of Shakespeare's says Valentine Smith, secretary of the Francis Bacon Society. It calls Bacon among other things the precious gem of concealed literature."

Just before the Shakespeare season starts in the spring the Baconians naturally feel obliged to rub-a-dub the world not to throw money away on that illiterate Will Shagspur whom they ought to be worshipping at Bacon's tomb at St. Albans.

Some Bacon supporters even resort to forgery. Two years ago at the British theatre exhibition in Birmingham a fanatic smashed a case containing some Shakespeare relics and pinned this note on the wreckage. "Surely by now everyone should realize that an attempt to ascribe these plays to a half illiterate man is bogus. What is the point of this nonsense?"

About the same time the memorial clock at Stratford was defaced and the word Bacon splashed in red paint over its four dials. The statue of Shakespeare near the entrance to the town was similarly decorated.

Stratford-on-Avon looks down with lofty scorn on all these capers, secure in tradition and bolstered by the irrefutable logic of finance. ★







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Toronto—



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See how fresh and glowing clean your skin looks after you cream-wash it with Noxzema. Never any dry, drawn feeling!

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Now smooth on a light film of *greaseless* Noxzema. Feel it help soften dry skin, help make up beautifully . . . but also help protect skin all day.



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BIG 6-OZ. JAR ONLY **98¢** LIMITED TIME OFFER

Stock up and save 1/3 over smaller size—at any drug or cosmetic counter

## It's a Sin What They Do to the Sandwich!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

removed a new batch from her stone-floored oven with a peel as big as a galley slave's oar. The smell floated across the neighborhood as a vesper.

Ray was too busy to make meal-times. He followed a busy round of flattening pennies on trolley tracks, fighting other boys, sneaking into the movies by way of the fire escape and listening to old soldiers tell lies. When hunger seized him he would heat up can of chili con carne on the hearth of Irma's stove. He would grab a smoking new-born loaf, cut it lengthwise with his huntin' knife and slow out the dough. Then he would fill the golden shell with chili and rue into the night, carrying this tabernacle clutched to waiting position and giving off savory clouds of steam. He understood sandwiches.

A sandwich that lingers in my souvenirs is one that no cookbook has ever been able to explain to me. They let deviled crab all right, but the recipes never match the masterpiece of Ocean City, Md. It was sold from a carnival-like booth by a large Negro woman who kept Louis Armstrong records turning on a machine near her hot plate. I was in on those days, dealing chips for chuck-a-luck games on the boardwalk under the pretext of working my way through college. The tenants of this crab sandwich were a fried cake of soft shell crabs, eggs, corn meal, hot peppers, black pepper, chopped onions, salt and alchemy. Or perhaps I was young and hungry in the sea air. Recipes do not list air.

The decline of the sandwich in North American was abetted by the railroads. They fed so many to their captive audience that the standards were destroyed. The hawkers of the day coaches sold both sandwiches and magazines, and it took a keen palate to tell them apart. I have eaten many a digest magazine without butter or mustard, and learned some of my best jokes by studying the bread slices.

Immobilized diners and dog wagons, which specialize in sandwiches rarely make good ones. There is a thing called a western that is actually consumed in these places. The west should sue. I swore off westerns in the sixth grade. My spurned grandmother used to make them for my lunch. She would harden the eggs in a skillet to the consistency of the hide of the frilled shark. For a time I used to trade her westerns with other kids, but I soon ran out of friends.

Short order cooks believe that eggs are something you break on the hot plate and forget for a while. Actually eggs are difficult to cook well. Gentle skill, fire and constant attention will prevent them from turning to leather. I care they seldom get in the western sandwich dream.

Chopped beef is worth the tooth, which is proven by the fact that people still like hamburgers after what ham-burger joints have done to them: flattening the meat on a greasy griddle, greying it and serving it out on two pieces of pulp. The customer instinctively reaches for something with which to defend himself and picks up the ketchup bottle. It was invented by a fiend. To discharge the stuff you turn the bottle upside down and hammer on the bottom until your sandwich is deluged. With luck you can sometimes avoid smashing the bottle against the dish. The mustard interests have built jars that can be emptied by the human hand but the ketchup people are laughing at us.

There are hidden shrines that make fine grilled hamburgers, such as the one invented at New Joe's in San Francisco. Take a half pound of ground top round steak, season, and work into the meat chopped onions and shredded green spinach. Form into a torpedo shape to fit a small French loaf. Grill the meat clear to red charcoal to put on a semi-charred coat and seal the juices inside. Toast the open halves of the bread on grey charcoal. Eat this sandwich standing up, facing west with *California, Here I Come* on the phonograph. Anybody caught putting ketchup on a grilled hamburger gets six days on Cello Lily sandwiches and water.

Another interesting twist on hamburger is to put hamburger and thin slices of tomatoes on hard toasted rye bread, upon which you have rubbed a clove of garlic, and grill. The toast should be hard enough to be abrasive. The meat juice will soften it up some.

Grilled cheese sandwiches are favorite at our house, but I mean grilled, not fried. The so called grilled cheese is fried on a hot plate or in a waffle iron, and comes out soggy in the middle and leathery outside. I make them by toasting one side of the brown bread slices under flame or electric element and then putting process cheese food on the toasted sides with a quarter teaspoonful of Worcestershire and some chopped chives. The bread keeps its structure if you toast the inside façades first. With a mild yellowy cheese, fresh sprigs of dill make a tangy addition. As a matter of fact, two well toasted slabs of brown bread done in an electric toaster will be hot enough to get process cheese running, if the cheese is imprisoned immediately after the toaster burps.

My tastes are distinctly in the minority on Swiss, Cheddar and other hard cheeses as components of the sandwich. I like the commercial cheese foods and spreads better, especially pimento mixtures. The legitimate soft cheeses, Liederkranz, Camembert and port salut are too fine to go with bread. They have to be eaten with crackers or hard biscuits. If I must be allowed to twist the definition of a sandwich far beyond any legal rights, let me tell you about something invented by a woman friend in a Point Toronto that will drive you away from any other dessert cheese combination. Roquefort on thin rolled oatmeal cookies. This satori is the quintessence of Canadian kitchen culture, French and Scottish.

The biggest sandwich mine in the North American continent is Reuben's, a king size delicatessen on 58th Street, New York City, which deals a half million whopping sandwiches per year, at an average two dollars a blow. There are sixty-six varieties, most of them christened for Broadway types. The Walter Winchell, $4.95, is made of sturgeon, Swiss cheese, red dill pickle. The Ginger Rogers, $4.10, is a slice of Beluga caviar and cream cheese on rye toast. The Al Jolson Tortar ($2.25)

## INVERSE PUNCTUALITY

The boss is seldom at his desk
When I arrive on time;
But sure enough the very day
That he's not tardy, I'm.

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Unshrinkable
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STANFIELD'S LIMITED
TRURO N.S.


is composed of raw chopped steak mixed with a raw egg and raw onions.

The biggest seller, Reuben a Special ($1.95), was originated in 1911 when Arnold A. Reuben, the curator of this hall of fame, was a lowly delicatessen kasper on upper Broadway. A show-girl named Annette Seelos came in from a long rehearsal and asked Reuben to make a substantial sandwich. He went to his larder in a creative frenzy and built a pagoda of turkey, ham, Swiss cheese, lettuce, sliced tomato, sliced Bermuda onion and Russian dressing and two millstones of Jewish rye bread. Amazed at his Dagwoodian genius, Broadway thronged to Reuben's grotto.

He went into deep contemplation one day and came up with a number so staggering that he named it for Marjorie Rambeau, the mulbrette in The Eves of Youth. Then his clientele disappeared. He ran into one of the delinquent actors in the street and asked the guy why he hadn't been around. "I'll tell you, Reuben," said the thespian, "I've brought my business to you for a long time, but when you bill this doll Rambeau over me I hall the jack." Reuben immediately named all his sandwiches after good customers. Today the Jack Beany is among his best sellers—tongue, turkey, Swiss, cole slaw and Russian dressing on rye. Reuben gets two dollars too for a hamburger. Over the years Reuben has retired many a famous name from his menu billing, but there is always fresh ham for a sandwich.

As terrible as this revelation will be for veterans of the First Great War, I like canned corned beef in a sandwich. As a matter of fact I had undisguised horse on many an occasion in the recent war. For a time in London I took room and board with some American girls who went to the Belgian horse butcher in Soho and queued up with other meat lovers who brought their pet dogs along as transparent alibis for buying horsemeat. We ate big chopped ounce horse-burgers on Tuesdays. I cannot claim that I won the Olympic high jump as a result, but you may have read my book, Beautiful Jas, which was written during this period.

One of the least suspected manufacturers of serious sandwiches is the ultra ritzy Vendome *épicerie* on Madison Avenue in New York. Behind the shelves and counters laden with fresh South African grapes flown in by air and other items priced like the down payment on a yacht, there is a sandwich counter where Antonio Dadone, the Toscanini double who owns the place, busies himself making fine hearty sandwiches at prices lower than the drug counters. They may be had in French bread à la poor boy, including a caviar sandwich under a dollar. It is made of grey Caspian Sea roe, the supreme of caviars which Dadone imports in one kilo (2.2 pounds) cans under refrigeration. Each tin is sewn in a rough linen sack with a stamped serial number from which Dadone can tell what individual sturgeon the eggs came from. This is a fine point for connoisseurs. If a particular serving of caviar strikes one's fancy, the customer may note the fish's serial number and reorder from the same animal months later. Dadone also handles Canadian lake caviar, a hearty red roe (the color indicates that the red is "younger" than the black. The grey is the last pre-natal stage.)

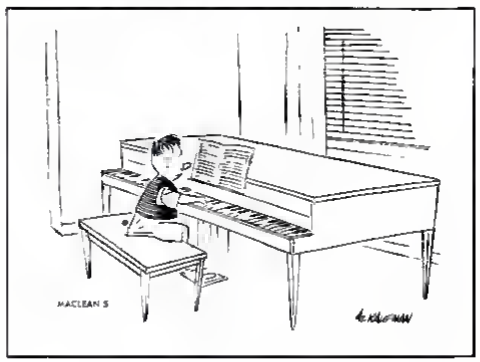
Dadone is a devotee of the Bermuda onion. Each morning he goes to the sandwich board and personally slices the onions for the day's sandwiches. He has an easy, relaxed but firm stroke with the big knife cutting mathematically true one-eighth-inch slices which, by some magic of his technique, never bleed their juices. Dadone's French and Piedmontese background has endowed him with respect for bread and raw onions. He does not list a straight bread and raw onion special but, as every honest eater knows, this is a creation of noble figure and rewarding aftertaste.

Nino's, an old restaurant in the sporting and horsey area of Long Island, carries bear meat and venison on its everyday menus. Nino himself prefers a bear steak sandwich around closing time at two a.m. before he drives to the city to Fulton fish market to select the crustaceans and fish for the kitchen.

Nino takes a three-quarter-inch bear steak, well hung and ripened and, without sauce or seasoning, broils it quickly and decisively, close to hot coals. The effect is one that good steak houses call black-and-blue, that is, the coat is quickly sealed almost charred and the inside is juicy red. Bear steak exposed in frying pans or too long held on coals toughens like a piece of bakelite, but black-and-blue and surrounded with two chewy pieces of bread it is as tender as prune steer. Remember that, the next time you shoot a bear.

In the days when Brioni's ate most there was a wonderful sandwich that broke all the laws of good sandwich making, a glittering exception to the rule. It was called the Bookmaker and could be found in the side pocket of many a student of the breed at Newmarket and Ascot, along with his tout sheet and getaway money. The Bookmaker begins with a sub-

*Continued on page 53*






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* * *

* The above illustration and text are from an advertisement now being published by The House of Seagram throughout the world—in Latin America, Asia, Europe and Africa. This is one of a series of advertisements featuring Canadian scenes and Canadian food specialties. These advertisements are designed to make Canada better known throughout the world and to help our balance of trade by assisting our Government's efforts to attract tourists to this great land.

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# What is an alloy, Dad?



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*Continued from page 50*

stantial one-inch slab of steak meat broiled. Cut the end crusts from a loaf of bread and then cut off the top and bottom crusts about two inches thick lengthwise. Throw away the inside or give it to some poor woman who is entertaining at wheat. Place the sputtering steak between the top and bottom crusts and wrap the gigantic concoction in blotting paper. Put it in a press for a half hour. If you have a little engraving proof press around to make money it will do. Otherwise you can put Dr. Eliot's Five-foot Shelf or some books on top of the sandwich. The pressure saturates the sandwich with juice and drives out harmful chemicals such as water. The Bookmaker is then wrapped in wax paper and we're off to the races.

I have made one modest contribution to sincere sandwich design, an item I call the Bandit, named for the Caucasian sheep thieves who invented shashlik. It begins with the shashlik or shish kabob formula of the Levant. The night before cut up one-inch cubes of lean roasting lamb, three-quarters of a pound per sandwich, dip the chunks in olive oil and marinate overnight in red wine vinegar, thyme and raw onions. Take whole mushroom stools, halved tomatoes and whole onions the size of a silver dollar and dip in olive oil. Then on a stainless steel four-sided skewer impale alternately the meat, mushrooms, tomatoes and onions to the length of a slender loaf of French or Italian bread. Leave little spaces between the morsels on the skewer. Spit the shashlik over charcoal or top oven fire, turning regularly on the sides of the skewer and basting with olive oil until it looks pretty black.

Twenty minutes is a fair guess on a hot fire. In the final minutes open the loaves lengthwise on a hinge and toast the open faces on the grill. Then place the swordload in position along the loaf, close the top and grip firmly as you withdraw the weapon. This leaves something in your hand that Alexander the Great probably sin before I thought of it.

The Bandit may also be made of cubes of roasting beef or steak. Dip the chunks of meat in olive oil, then marinate in soy sauce with chopped onions and basil. If soy sauce is too salty for your taste put pieces of raw potato in to draw off some of the salt. This does not have to soak overnight. Ahout an hour will do it.

But recipes are the enemy of sandwiches. They are impersonations in the music of cuisine. I would update Webster in saying a sandwich consists of two or more slabs of firm textured bread with butter and/or salad between which is placed anything you can think of which is of a different nonastringency than the bread. It is eaten by hand and gives the teeth a workout.

Pay no attention to my recipes except in so far as they light the sacred flame of inspiration. The best sandwich you will ever eat—are the womanfolk in bed?—is the one you'll go out in the kitchen and make right now. ★

## The Rollicking Republic That Doesn't Exist

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

in plates or across the luncheon table. Their power is the power of suggestion and it's a potent force. One of them once said: "The republic needs a university." The others nodded agreement and said, "Let's get busy on it." They promoted the project and in 1946 St. Louis College was started in an old army hut at Edmundston and pretty soon it had four hundred students from New Brunswick, Quebec and Maine and moved into a two million-dollar building of steel, stone and brick.

A two-hundred bed hospital, a floodlit baseball park, an eighteen-hole golf course, a curling rink with artificial ice and a gymnasium and swimming pool have been produced by this brand of magic.

The hospital patients, ball fans, golfers and curlers like the unit's only stipulation are from Maine and Quebec as well as New Brunswick. For the republic, while dissected by man-made borders, is a geographic and social entity. Towns in Maine within the Madawaska area are remote from other towns in Maine. Quebec villages in it are separated from the rest of Quebec by a broad band of wilderness. New Brunswick communities in it are closer to Maine and Quebec communities than to other communities in New Brunswick.

Edmundston, for example, is a short walk across an international bridge from Madawaska, Me. (population five thousand) and just nine miles from the edge of Quebec. A resident of the republic may have cocktails in Madawaska, Me., where bars are legal, dinner in Edmundston where ninths are about a tenth, and an evening's trout fishing in Quebec.

The waters of Glazier Lake, north of Edmundston, lap gently against Maine, New Brunswick and Quebec, each of which owns a stretch of the shore.

Customs officers in the Republic of Madawaska work hard but look frustrated for smugglers hold all the aces in the thinly settled and heavily wooded region. Madawaskans on the Canadian side who smoke Canadian cigarettes are few and far between and there are shops where American brands on which no duty has been paid can be purchased for about half the price of Canadian brands. The St. John River narrows where it forms the boundary. Radios, refrigerators, chain saws and washing machines cheaper in the U.S. can be rafted over it easily and relatively safely on dark summer nights and whisked out of sight on sleds on dark winter nights.

The future trade is centred in one direction. A couple of years back potatoes were bringing much more in the U.S. than in Canada. Border patrols in the U.S. segment of the Republic of Madawaska were then joined by U.S. immigration officers and U.S. public health officers stood aloof as New Brunswick spud growers illegally hit Maine.

New Brunswick Minister of Mines Most Canadians who live near the border visit and read only the things they like should be more expansive in Canada than in the United States, where the Canadian will be able to sell the Union Jack when the returns on higher Stars and Stripes strikes the majority of Americans as unpatriotic and unsensible. This delight is awaiting customs officers.

Maine once had a bounty on bears


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and New Brunswick didn't. Several Madawaskans according to the tales told trapped bears in New Brunswick and sneaked them into Maine alive and killed three there to collect the reward.

Many Madawaskans feel that what is right in one section of the republic should be right in another. Sunday picture shows and sports are prohibited in New Brunswick. But New Brunswick Madawaskans sandwiched between Maine and Quebec where blue laws are a pale and relatively cheerful shade refuse to bow to Lord's Day Alliance elements. Edmundston's two theatres are open Sundays. They appease earnest puritans by earmarking a percentage of their Sunday receipts for charity. Edmundsters likewise enjoy Sunday baseball.

Madawaskans may resist laws they consider inconsistent but they are devout and pious. Mostly Catholics they have built imposing churches. Their cathedral at Edmundston constructed of granite and of imported marble is one of the most beautiful structures in the Maritimes and the countryside around it is dotted with outdoor shrines.

Madawaskans marry young have lots of children—President Gaspard Boucher has eight and broods of a dozen or more are not exceptional—and are seldom divorced. Their lives are well ordered but they have a natural gaiety that reveals itself even in the bright reds blues and yellows with which they paint their houses.

They love good food and compound dishes like *boudin* a dark spicy sausage *cretons* a delicious variety of headcheese *tourtiere* a rich and highly seasoned pork pie and *sole blanche* salt pork spiced and fried and then simmered with onions in a milk gravy.

As the capital of the republic Edmundston blends the laughter and music of French Acadians the energy of New England Yankees the sturdiness of Quebec Habitants and the salty resourcefulness of Maritimers of Scottish English and Irish extraction.

The Acadians predominate and were there first. In 1755 when British troops chased them off fertile farms around the Bay of Fundy twelve families of them fled two hundred and fifty miles up the St. John River. When they reached the point where the Madawaska River empties into the St. John—which was then covered by the biggest pines on the Atlantic seaboard and is now criss-crossed by Edmundston's tidy streets—they built cabins cleared land planted crops. For sugar they tapped the maples. For meat and leather they killed caribou. They brewed tea from wild herbs and dickered with friendly Indians for salt.

The world had no idea they were there. To them the American Revolution was a dim rumor related by Indians. Then south of them in both New Brunswick and Maine virgin stands of white pine were depleted by loggers. Timber barons like New Brunswick's John Glasier—The Man John—who always wore a bushy wig and a stovepipe hat and a frock coat and Maine's John Goddard whose carriage was hauled by a team of tame moose trekked north in search of new sources of supply.

They found the lost colony of Acadians. And they found trees from six to eight feet in diameter. They set up camps around Edmundston—then known as Petit Sault. Little Rapids—and the peaceful settlement was soon the staging ground of fabulous lumberjacks like Sandy Stripes and Hot Corn and Roaring Jack Niles. These ironmuscled hurkoos who ate pork and beans three times a day drank enough rum to float the logs they cut and slept on bare boards were probably the finest axemen and most daring stream drivers North America ever bred.



As they felled the tremendous pines they squared them into timbers with broad bladed axes and twitched them over the winter snow with oxen to the brow of the river. In the spring they shepherded them downstream over thundering Grand Falls past the Somwhoe Islands and through the Reversing Falls to the port of Saint John on the Bay of Fundy coast.

The timbers were exported to England and brought as much as forty dollars a ton. A single tree yielded twenty thirty or forty tons so money flowed freely in the tall pine country and Edmundston erupted in a rash of inns and taverns. In its lusty youth it was one of the rowdiest spots on this continent.

Nobody was sure in those days whether the district since designated as the Republic of Madawaska was in the United States or in British North America. The boundary description in the Treaty of Paris signed by Britain and the U.S. in 1783 was vague and in the beginning the question hadn't seemed worth arguing about. But with fortunes being reaped in the pine stands Maine and New Brunswick both pressed their claims. New Brunswick loggers swooped down on Maine loggers beat them up stole their timber. Maine loggers retaliated.

In 1838 New Brunswick and Maine issued declarations of war against each other. They recruited armies and hurriedly threw up crude fortifications. Then strangely enough reason prevailed. It was agreed that the border should be determined by arbitration. The Aroostook War as historians label the ludicrous affair is perhaps the one war on record in which there were no casualties. It could hardly have been acted out elsewhere than in the dizzy and delightful Republic of Madawaska.

The boundary commission which resolved the dispute was composed of Daniel Webster—the great U.S. orator, and Britain's Lord Ashburton.

As Webster and Ashburton traveled through the district they left a trail of empty bottles. Folks in Maine resented that Ashburton drank Webster under the table and persuaded him to cede territory that rightfully belonged to Maine. New Brunswickers maintain that it was Webster who drank Ashburton under the table with the result that New Brunswick forfeited the last tract that is now the potato basket of the United States.

No matter who outbargained whom Webster and Ashburton drew lines on the map between people who were neighbors friends and relatives and had identical interests. But the people remained neighbors friends and relatives with identical interests—which explains the Republic of Madawaska.

Eventually all the mighty pines in the country around Edmundston were toppled and floated to the sea and a new generation of lumberjacks moved in to attack the spruce trees smaller than the pines which were sawn into lumber at mills along the rivers. Their hero was flamboyant Robert Connors who was born in Nova Scotia educated in Ireland and had a flaming mop of red hair and a red beard. Connors who was called the Red Rover by English-speaking lumberjacks and Connors le Rouge by French-speaking lumberjacks, for years had charge of all log driving on the upper reaches of the St. John.

Connors staked out a townsite named it Connors after himself and put up attractive inducements for his employees. He built a stone hotel an elegant hotel which had plush rugs and mahogany furniture and sterling silver spittoons and a Presbyterian church with a tall steeple into which when there were no more than four or five Protestants. A barber he hired in an ornate Victorian manner.

Once when mill owners at Saint John complained that logs were not reaching them quickly enough the Red Rover said if he drove them faster he would plug the Grand Falls gorge. "I'll bet I can a thousand dollars you can't" one mill owner challenged him. Connors did plug the gorge and it took months to break the jam.

Up to Connors' day freight for the logging camps at the head of the St. John was towed past Edmundston on flat bottomed scows hauled at the end of three hundred foot cables by horses that plodded along the shore. Connors attached the railways being constructed and influenced the choice of routes. Edmundston where the Valley Railway and the Transcontinental Railway meet became a railroading centre.

In camps which had catered to lumberjacks now catered to the travelling public but the innkeepers were as rowdy and resourceful as ever. The most famous of them, Felix Hebert was plump had a walrus mustache wore a bowler trimmed sombrero outdoors and in and was partial on the hand of the Sir Felix right which used to be popular in the Maritimes. His favorite joke was to wink at a man who was registering with his wife and inquire "How's the last wife you had here." A guest from England left shoes outside his door at Hebert's hotel expecting them to be polished while he slept. Felix threw them in the garbage. When the Englishman demanded his shoes Felix shaking with inward mirth told him sternly. When a customer can't stand his own shoes in his room I certainly can't tolerate them in the hall. The mantle of Felix Hebert descended finally to Rita Cyr. Cyr of the marmorille funeral.

But the men who did most to make Edmundston the fourth city in New Brunswick and the eighth city in the Atlantic provinces were Archibald Fraser and William Matheson brisk efficient Scots who had no time for pranks. They came to New Brunswick in the same ship as children. In their teens they logged stevedored worked as sawyers. Fraser a stubby energetic man with a crisp incisive manner was a born organizer and Matheson was a born financier.

Starting with a shoestring Fraser and Matheson with a handful of associates acquired sawmills in New Brunswick and Quebec and incorporated Fraser Companies Limited under a federal charter. In 1917 they branched into pulp and paper and built a sulphite mill at Petit Sault which by then had been rechristened Edmundston in honor of Sir Edmund Head, an early New Brunswick governor and had a population of twelve hundred. Because the Laurentian highgrade paper was steep Fraser and Matheson soon constructed a paper mill at Madawaska. Madawaska in those days was no more than a farming


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village. They laid pipelines between their Edmundston and Madawaska mills and, to avoid tariff charges, pumped most of the pulp manufactured at Edmundston across the border in liquid form to be finished into paper in Maine.

Edmundston and neighboring Madawaska grew around the towering smoke-stacks of the plants of Fraser Companies. The corporation has a one million-dollar-a-year payroll and more than fifteen hundred full-time employees in the Edmundston area.

Matheson and Fraser brought the community steady jobs and good wages and reshaped its character. Edmundston, which had been proud of being wild and woolly and rough and tough, retained its Acadian love of fun but was smitten by a Scottish yearning for education, culture and civic improvement.

It decided, among other things, that it should have a brass band. Leo Poulin, of Old Town, Me., a thickset, happy man with a dash of genius who had been a trumpeter with Rudy Vallee, was hired to lead the band and teach music in the schools. He has now been at Edmundston for a quarter of a century. Largely because of Poulin, Edmundstonians are as enthusiastic about music as they are about baseball, hockey and horse racing.

Hundreds of children play piano, violin, clarinet, flute, French horn and other instruments—and practice because they enjoy practicing. And Edmundston has a forty-piece senior symphony orchestra, a forty-piece senior band, a thirty-piece junior girls' symphony, a twenty-three-piece air cadet band, a twenty-eight-piece children's sweetwinds ensemble, a mixed choir of sixty that doesn't hesitate to tackle operas and a dozen dance bands.

During the last war Montreal and Toronto each had three or four girls in the Canadian Women's Army Corps band. But Edmundston had eleven.

Besides their flair for music Edmundstonians have a talent for wood carving, encouraged by Dr. Laporte, the vice-president of the Republic of Madawaska. For years his big home has been open to youngsters interested in art and there he had the run of his basement, which is equipped for arts and crafts.

One of the doctor's more spectacular proteges is twenty-one-year-old Claude Rouselle of Edmundston. At thirteen he was carving race horses, down to the last detail of the harness. At seventeen, with only newspaper pictures to go by, he carved a charming likeness of Barbara Ann Scott on skates. The Edmundston Lions Club paid his expenses to Quebec City where he presented this to Barbara Ann herself.

As an office boy for the Fraser Companies Claude carved a plaque forty inches by thirty inches which depicts all phases of paper production from the cutting of the tree to the shipping of the product. The corporation's president, Aubrey Crabtree, was so impressed that he made it possible for Rouselle to go to l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts in Montreal where he is studying both painting and carving.

The woods village by the river where lumberjacks fought and swilled rum has come a long way in a short time. And if the capital of the Republic of Madawaska is not yet a glittering and glamorous metropolis it at least has a spirit and an atmosphere and a lot of promise and it manages to be serious without taking itself too seriously, industrious without being grim. ★





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## Mackenzie King and the "Revolt" of the Army

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Government's policy. While King had promised conscription "if necessary," St. Laurent had taken this to mean "if necessary to win the war," whereas Ralston seemed to interpret it as meaning "if necessary to reinforce the army at its existing full strength." It was a quarrel of misunderstanding.

King quickly agreed that St. Laurent had interpreted his original promise correctly. By his definition conscription still was not "necessary."

King was quibbling with words. The facts were now laid before the Cabinet in a top-secret memorandum from Lieut.-General Kenneth Stuart, Chief of the General Staff. In this primary document of The Crisis Stuart admitted his earlier estimates of the army's need for reinforcements had been wrongly put together in England. In addition to this technical error the General Staff had been faced with heavier infantry casualties than it had expected. Moreover, as an early end of the war—on which the staff's planning had been based—no longer could be assumed. Thus while other troops were being reinstated into infantry formations to which the whole problem was confined, it appeared that reinforcements would be short by about fifteen thousand men at the year's end. Reluctantly Stuart asked the Cabinet to send the Home Army conscripts (the Zombies) overseas—fifteen thousand immediately and from then on five thousand three hundred a month.

The Stuart memorandum filled less than two typewritten pages. As its writer doubtless knew, it contained enough explosive power to demolish the Government.

Reading it, King felt betrayed by the military mind. Had he not been assured by Montgomery of a quick victory? Had he not been assured by the Canadian General Staff as late as August that it could find all the men it needed without conscription? Now, without a word of warning, he was handed an ultimatum and probably would be handed Ralston's resignation also if he did not capitulate. The Government might fly apart on the issue of an election, taking with it the nation's unity and the work of his own lifetime.

Stuart was called in person before the War Committee and asked to explain his *volte-face*. He reiterated the conclusions of his memorandum. The Cabinet adjourned without agreement. Ralston was determined on conscription. King was just as firmly opposed to it. Within the Cabinet two clear sides were taking shape for a showdown.

### October 20-23

The War Committee continued a desultory discussion of reinforcements figures while both sides stalled for time before approaching a decision. The lines were pretty clearly drawn by now.

On one side stood Mackenzie King, Louis St. Laurent, Charles G. (Chubby) Power, James Gardiner, Ian Mackenzie and some lesser members who intended to reject Ralston's ultimatum even if he resigned. They were confident so far that the Government could survive his resignation.

The other party within the Cabinet was far more formidable and determined than even King suspected. Besides Ralston, the conscriptionists now numbered T. A. Crerar, Angus Macdonald, J. L. Ilsley and Colin Gibson. C. D. Howe had remained neutral though the conscriptionists counted on him in the showdown. There would be others.

The hard core of the rebellion—Ralston, Crerar and Macdonald—were as anxious as King to avoid a break-up. These were not amateur adventurers seeking anything for themselves. They had nothing to gain and knew as well as King what conscription would involve.

Nevertheless they agreed that if necessary the risk of disruption must be taken after every possible chance of compromise and agreement had been exhausted.

### Tuesday, October 24

The argument now moved from the War Committee into the full Cabinet. Still overconfident, King asked the opinion of each minister in turn.

The Quebec members—St. Laurent, Power, J. F. Michaud, Alphonse Fournier and Ernest Bertrand—all rejected Ralston's recommendation. So did Jimmy Gardiner (with his usual reluctance). Mackenzie and General Leo LaFleche. Humphrey Mitchell, the only Minister of Labor who professed to understand manpower problems, insisted that vigorous voluntary recruiting would make conscription unnecessary. Brooke Claxton seemed to agree. J. A. MacKinnon thought it was too late to change the existing policy.

The conscriptionist group was smaller in numbers but powerful in influence. Crerar, the only minister who had sat in the conscriptionist cabinet of the first war, said conscription was necessary now not only to get men but to prevent a recession of public opinion against the Government.

Ilsley was prepared to take the final step if reinforcements could not be





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Macdonald, while equally determined still hoped for a compromise which would apply conscription without smashing the Government and the country.

Gibson, the young Ontario minister, was for conscription and perfectly clear about it.

Howe, obviously to be counted in the conscription camp in the final decision, said rather pathetically that it was tragic to find a purely political crisis threatening to spoil a magnificent national war record. As his colleagues understood his rather confusing statement, he did not care particularly whether there was to be conscription or not so long as the war was won and so long as the Government could stand together. With conscription or without it, he urged, the Government must not split. A decision one way or the other there must be. He admitted, however, that he could hardly dare to show his face in his own part of the country if the Government refused to send the Zombies overseas.

The meeting of October 24 settled nothing but it showed King that The Crisis was a much bigger thing than he had guessed. Still he managed to sleep soundly enough through it all, never lost his temper, his outward composure or his courtesy to the men who, as he thought, were bent on ruining him and Canada.

He believed he could effect a compromise and keep Ralston, or at least Ralston's friends in the Government—provided he could gain time. Deliberately, therefore, this master of Fabian tactics involved the Cabinet in an interminable argument on the details of the army's needs, the real state of reinforcements available in Canada and every technical point he could raise. He asked his friends to keep talking in the hope that an accommodation of some sort would somehow emerge.

The fertile mind of Claxton was given full scope in the invention of various interesting and futile devices while Ian Mackenzie hurried between the two factions called meetings in his apartment, wrote notes to colleagues, and by a constant flood of correspondence and conversation tried manfully to disguise the intractable disagreement which his side refused to face.

**October 25**

The Cabinet wearily retraced all the ground of the previous meeting, reargued Stuart's figures and, under King's skilful steering, remained long short of a decision.

**October 26:**

The War Committee met at four in the afternoon and received from the General Staff some figures apparently offering an instant escape from The Crisis. There were one hundred and twenty thousand soldiers in Canada in various stages of training who had volunteered to fight anywhere and ninety thousand more in Britain.

King and his side clutched eagerly at this calculation for it seemed to deny Ralston's need of conscription. With more than two hundred thousand volunteers available what reason to change the present policy when only fifteen thousand reinforcements were presently required?

The overall figures, as Ralston quietly informed his colleagues, were misleading. Certainly plenty of men had volunteered to serve overseas but most of them were physically unfit for service or had not been trained as infantry. Even the urgent reinforcements could not be squeezed out of the volunteer screen. They could be found only among the Zombies.

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King and his side remained calculating. Ralston's latest figures must be checked impartially. At King's suggestion Power and Macdonald were instructed to meet the experts of the General Staff and cross-question them that same night.

As the Cabinet broke up again King confided to his intimates that there were larger factors in The Crisis than he cared to discuss openly. If he were to be driven from public life he said Roosevelt would be gravely embarrassed since Roosevelt counted upon him to bring Canada into a postwar world security organization and to influence the Commonwealth in the same direction. The conscriptionists, King intimated, were playing with a more dangerous international fire than they realized.

He rang dropped this warning which, as he knew, would quickly percolate through the entire Cabinet. King retired early to bed while Power and Macdonald questioned the army experts until the early hours.

Both men knew this meeting to be vital. If they could persuade the army to find fifteen thousand physically fit men in the Canadian volunteer force The Crisis would be over before dawn. Like Ralston, the army replied that no such reinforcements could possibly be raised.

The discussion continued for five hours, the experts refusing to yield. Power and Macdonald arguing that the necessary reinforcements surely could be raised if necessary by a slight down-grading of physical standards among a few of them. When the meeting broke up and the exhausted participants went wearily to their homes they were as far apart as ever.

**October 27:**

The War Committee listened to reports from both sides on the abortive meeting of the previous night. They settled nothing.

**October 28 to 31**

As the War Committee continued to meet every day King's friends began to propose a series of ingenious compromises and divergences.

At one point King said he should perhaps consult Churchill or even Roosevelt. Frequently he insisted that it would never have conscription. If it was to be applied some other prime minister could apply it. With equal emphasis he insisted that reinforcements must be obtained by voluntary means and had not Ralston said he could be obtained. By now the conscriptionists listened to these repetitions as to a gramophone record. If they had listened more carefully they might have detected more than sound. A plan was forming vaguely in King's mind.

With King's encouragement Claxton presented an elaborate plan under which the Zombies would draw lots to decide who would go overseas but on the fatal night chairman of Ralston all compromises seemed to founder.

For sheer improbability the next scene in the unfolding drama of the Cabinet chamber had no parallel in that place. King looked around the table and asked each of the leading ministers one by one if he would form a government. Ralston refused remarking tartly to King that he assume you are only asking rhetorically. None of his ministers took King's question seriously. He must have known their answers in advance. Why did he conduct this solemn poll? Doubtless to demonstrate that he alone was the only possible prime minister, the indispensable man. No one questioned his strongest critics, had doubted it. All these men wanted King to remain the Government to live. The Crisis to be peaceably solved. They differed only on conscription.

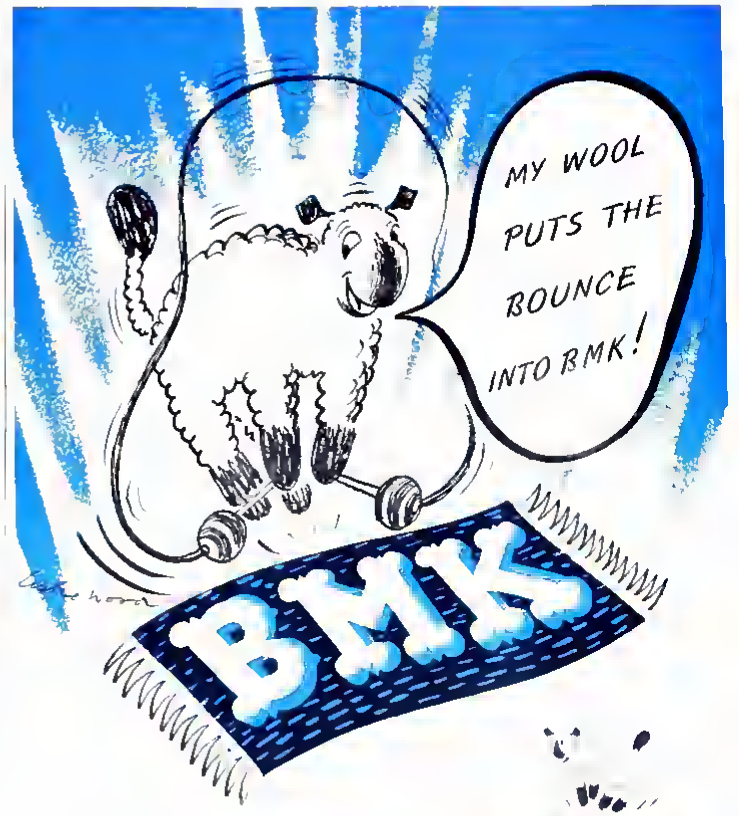
The Cabinet debate had become only a kind of ritual, a daily routine. Behind it the real debate was conducted in ministers' offices in their homes and on the telephone. No such debate had ever shaken Ottawa before. There had been resignations, dismissals and rebellions. There had been betrayals, throat-cuttings and feasts of Tereus. This crisis differed from all others not only because it struck far deeper into the stuff of Canada not only because it threatened a more deadly wound, but because the element of personal retribution was almost entirely absent.

The leaders of both sides were personally as close as ever. They had no secrets from one another, continued to meet as before and together calculated the chances of their victory or defeat.

King's supporters, for example, first combed the roll of Liberal members in parliament and concluded that the Government could survive in the Commons on a non-conscription policy by a short twenty-five votes. This estimate was freely discussed with the conscriptionists and they were inclined to agree with it.

King's strategy was to hold the rebels on one way or another or if he could do no better, to split them from Ralston. The loss of Ralston would be a mixed if not grievous blow. If he went out alone that shock could be endured. The trick was to destroy Ralston singly if that became necessary. So far King dared not put it to that.

Observing the calm face of the first

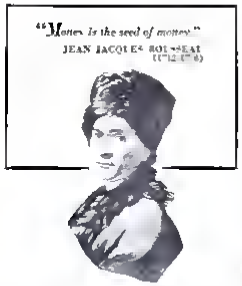



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man who had ever seriously threatened him from within his cabinet. King watched with a secret sense of betrayal. He had not been betrayed by Ralston who as he knew was incapable of betrayal but by events mostly by the blunders of the military men.

Why blame me for the mess?" he cried out to one of his friends. The mess was the product of the General Staff. It had misled him and the Government by an unforgivable mistake in simple arithmetic. He had always suspected that the generals were overexpanding their army but when he asked them they invariably replied that they could carry through their plans without conscription. Now because they had botched their job they expected the Government to rescue them at the price of its own suicide.

King remained doggedly determined to hold cabinet and nation together with or without conscription. He was still sure he could succeed without it if Ralston would give him the chance. That was the first question to be answered. If Ralston refused to be reasonable he must go. So much but no more—no plan for replacing Ralston, no method of holding Ralston's friends—was clear in King's mind when the Cabinet broke up after another worthless meeting on the night of October 30.

To the chemistry now threatening to explode the Government the three basic elements could be distinguished. Each of them was a human being a passive accident of politics but each portrayed and temporarily controlled a separate portion of the perpetual conflict of the Canadian species.

On one side of the argument Ralston represented the best qualities of English speaking Canada. He was not an imperialist. He had no trace of colonialism in him, nor that "butler mind" of John W. Dafoe's famous phrase. The Colonel was Canadian to the core. He wanted Canada to be a great nation in its own right, not a satellite of Britain or any other outside power. He saw everything of value in Canadian life imperilled by the war and, because he was so Canadian he wanted his country to fight its own war to the limit of its resources.

To him the reinforcement of the army was the test of Canada's integrity of its worthiness to be a nation. He was no hater of the French Canadians. He understood their feelings as well as any Anglo-Saxon can understand them. He was willing to go a long way to satisfy them had gone a long way already had doubtfully accepted the compromise of 1942 withdrawn his resignation relied on King's word and worked within the limits of the Government's policy.

Now that the final test had arrived he believed that if Canada failed it all the Canadian people Anglo-Saxon and French alike would reap the harvest of emotional failure in the long run and that in the short run the nation would be more seriously split by failure than by a bold decision.

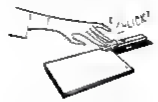
As Ralston represented the pull of history which sucks the Anglo-Saxon back to his origins overseas Power represented the pull of geography which holds the French Canadian to his own land. In this ancient struggle the case of Power was the most improbable and accidental element.

Power had no French blood had learned the French language only after long study was himself a wounded veteran of the first war now haunted news of his son a prisoner of the Japanese in Hong Kong and yet he more than any other member of the Government was determined never to accept conscription.


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As this most agile political mind of his generation read the political riddle English speaking Canada busy as usual with its daily business would forgive and forget Quebec's refusal to vote the final measure of military war. The French Canadians not as practical and far more emotional would never forget or forgive their coercion by the majority. Conscription would convert Canada into a second Ireland. And as the Liberal Party would no longer hold Quebec as Quebec would have no trusted interpreter in Ottawa it would insulate itself from Canadian life. It would be represented in parliament by a serial bloc wallowing in grievances and being Confederation.

Besides, as one of the three Defense Ministers, Power believed with King that it was ridiculous to say that fifteen thousand fit men could not be secured among the available volunteers. Was the nation to be mutilated in a mere statistical dispute?"

In their personal as in their public lives Ralston and Power illustrated the Canadian nature. Its elements always dividing somehow could get along together. Throughout This Crisis Ralston was admired by no one more than by Power. These two old soldiers might fight on the opposite sides of a political argument. They were united by the ties of affection and memory which nothing could break. In the end Power alone would go with Ralston into the wilderness for opposite reasons of policy but for the same reasons of honor and friendship.

The third element appeared in St. Laurent. He was the catalyst of this chemistry inserted in it as if by design to alter the explosion. He alone possessed the blood of both races and alone could feel their contrary instincts. In him the ancient conflict achieved a private synthesis, toward which the nation has always groped and is still groping. This fact of itself made him the decisive element in The Crisis and potentially the most powerful Canadian when it had passed.

Until now St. Laurent had taken little part in the wrangles of the Cabinet and less in the ceaseless conversations outside it. As King knew however St. Laurent a position was vital. King might be able to hold Quebec or part of it if conscription were finally invoked provided St. Laurent agreed. If St. Laurent followed the instincts of his French blood if like Laurier he preferred the fatherhood of his people to public office if he refused conscription under any conditions then conscription could only mean the retreat of Quebec into isolation again for a long and bitter time to come.

St. Laurent was only half French. he had no personal ambition except to retire at the year's end and still knowing little of politics was not thinking of The Crisis with his blood but with the coolest head in the country. What was the practical course? What would do the most good and the least harm?


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St. Laurent was ready to settle The Crisis on any workable compromise regardless of personal consequences and of strict logic. To his private crisis this most typical of all Canadians turned instinctively to the middle course which is Canada's destiny. And more than anything else St. Laurent's willingness to compromise would save Canada from rupture.

Thus then were the two elements of explosion and the third element of peaceful combination. It was for King the master chemist to put them together.

**October 31:**

King could not delay much longer. Ralston evidently would not yield. If thwarted further he would take his friends with him and disrupt the Government. St. Laurent might rule promise on conscription but King was still determined never to enforce it.

As King stood alone in his dingy office on the morning of Oct. 31 and looking across the Ottawa-Champlain river felt beneath his feet the supreme watershed of Canadian history, a strange accident occurred. A messenger, arriving hurriedly at the Prime Minister's door brought a sealed envelope addressed in the handwriting of Ian Mackenzie. That prolific inventor of extraordinary remedies had conceived his largest invention and rushed it to his leader in a scribbled note. The obvious solution Mackenzie wrote was to dismiss Ralston and call in General A. G. L. McNaughton as Minister of Defense on a no-conscription policy.

It took King less than a minute to grasp the possibilities of this diversion. McNaughton was a fighting soldier, beloved of the army, the very image of Canada in arms. The people trusted him as a man above politics, whose word against conscription would be accepted. McNaughton was known to believe in the voluntary method yet no one would say as it might be said of King that he was letting down the army for it was his creation and his darling. Besides, he had a score to settle with Ralston, who had met long before dismissed him as Commander of the Canadian Army Overseas at the insistence of the British General Staff.

An an extra dividend on the transaction the capture of McNaughton would rob the Conservative Party of the only figure who could possibly rescue it.

Thus then, was the hour and McNaughton the man.

King telephoned him and arranged an interview for that evening at Laurier House. The tall soldierly figure with the handsome grizzled face the melancholy brooding eyes a passionate man who hid his passion under a bluff exterior a man who might be wrong but never doubted that he was right received Laurier House after dinner his arrival unknown to anyone save King.

At the same hour the real leaders of the Conservative Party were still discussing ways and means of picking McNaughton their leader in place of Bracken, on a point of conscription. They had approached McNaughton months ago and even if he had been noncommittal they were confident he would agree in the end. How could they imagine that their hero's return was to King's profit?

While they talked and schemed while the Cabinet waited in vain for another day of evasion and delay while the news editors of the morning papers read calm the ruthless speculation and rejection from their Ottawa correspondents while the nation went quietly to its bed two men sat before a fireplace in a third-story room lit only by the lighted picture of King's mother.




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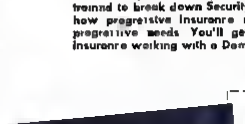
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and then they sealed their bargain. Mr Naughton would get the reinforcements without conscription.

King thought it the best night's work he had ever done.

**November 7:**

The morning after the interview at Laurier House was quiet in Ottawa. No whisper of the two men's secret had leaked out. McNaughton was nowhere visible on Parliament Hill. King was in his office apparently at work as usual. His ministers went about their departmental business without suspicion and then to their luncheons in the Rideau Club and the Chateau.

Crerar had encountered Howe by accident in the Rideau Club and a few random words passed between them. Howe said he intended to vote for conscription. If any further weight was needed, his adherence to the conscriptionist wing of the Cabinet topped the balance. King could not face the kind of mass resignations now impending.

As he was eating his lunch Crerar was called to the telephone. The voice on the wire was King's with an unusual note of strain in it. The Prime Minister said he had devised a solution. He would bring his plan to Cabinet that afternoon and he hoped that Crerar would support it. Crerar knew better than to ask a further explanation. He said he would consider King's recommendation on its merits. Meanwhile he agreed to say nothing to anyone.

Claxton was lunching with some trusted newspapermen in a Chateau bedroom. At King's request he was still busily contriving those endless compromises and diversions that would keep the Cabinet arguing, might somehow conciliate it and at least would postpone a decision. In the middle of the meal the telephone rang. Claxton answered it and went suddenly white. To the small room his companions could not fail to hear and recognize the voice of King. His words were few and rapid. A new complication had arisen, a new remedy had been devised and Claxton need not continue his efforts at conciliation.

With a puzzled look, Claxton hung up the receiver. What had happened? Like Crerar he could not imagine.

With a few such preliminary warnings by telephone when it was too late for the news to spread, King was preparing his intimates for the shock of the afternoon. It was essential in his strategy that Ralston should have no warning. He had none.

In mid-afternoon the Cabinet met as usual. On King's placid face at the head of the table no inkling of the previous night's bargain could be read. To all appearances this was to be another day of fruitless bickering. Thus dingy room, fronting on the river, had witnessed remarkable events, noble, trait and comic. It had heard many Canadian voices from Mordonald's onwards. But it had contained no personage remotely like King. It was about to witness an event unparalleled in daring, unspeakable in brutality, incredible in consequence—of which only King and McNaughton knew the secret.

When Ralston began to speak in his quiet tone King listened with every appearance of interest and respect.

The time had come, said Ralston, for the Cabinet to accept or reject his recommendation. These were chilling words. They were followed immediately by a last offer of compromise. Ralston would agree to a recruiting campaign only for a brief fixed period, say two or three weeks, and only if he were guaranteed that in the event of failure conscription would then be applied immediately.

King listened with respect knowing all the words to be irrelevant. He was acting the transcendent role of a long theatrical career. The play had now become a solemn travesty. The ageing actor who had played many parts—Uriah Heep, John Hampden and Galahad among them—had donned, with disarming look, the robes of Lord High Executioner.

Ralston observed no weapon in King's hand. He saw only a small pale man tapping the table as always, with the stub of a pencil. He thought he was among friends and colleagues and he was offering generous terms more generous than the condition of his army justified. While he did not believe that voluntary recruitment would succeed he was willing to try it if thereby The Crisis could be solved and if he could be sure here and now that he would have his reinforcements by one means or another. They must be sent to Europe early in January, he explained, or must order troop ships immediately if they were to be ready in time, and he must know now, today, that the ships would be filled.

This was Ralston's ultimatum. The Crisis had been reduced to a single question. Not whether voluntary recruiting should be attempted for all were agreed on that, but whether there was to be a fixed time limit on it.

The argument on the single point of the time limit proceeded in a fragmentary and half-hearted fashion. After an hour of this play-acting King looked around the table and judged that his moment had come.

Still in the matter-of-fact tone of a man who discussed a purely routine affair he remarked that some two years before Colonel Ralston had submitted his resignation. At this the dullest mind in the room could guess that a blow of some sort was about to fall. The conscriptionists exchanged quick glances. Ralston sat motionless in his chair, regarding King with a steady eye. His expression did not change.

In the sudden silence following his first observation King added that in view of Ralston's present attitude there appeared to be no chance of agreement in the Cabinet. For this reason he had decided to accept the resignation submitted by Ralston in 1942. Ralston's place would be taken by General McNaughton who was confident of securing voluntary reinforcements.

That was all. The execution of Ralston had been performed in less than a minute. With a few crisp sentences, without a change of voice, King had struck down the idol of the army, the most respected member of the Government and, though few could realize it then, the most powerful man in Canada.

Would that man use his undoubted power? There was King's gamble, the most reckless of his life. The next moment would decide everything for him, for his Government and for the nation.

As King waited through that endless fraction of time Ralston rose slowly from his chair. Would he accept this dismissal, a stroke of ruthlessness without precedent in this room of many strange acts, or would he rebel and carry half the Cabinet with him? In their anger and pain Ralston's friends watched his face. It still showed no change. When he spoke the voice also was unchanged.

He said he would send a formal resignation to the Prime Minister tomorrow.

The conscriptionists, the men who loved Ralston and some who loathed King, were stunned and uncertain. Should they go with their friend? Should they remain and condone his destruction? They had no time to think. Ralston calmly thanked King and the Cabinet for their co-operation, picked up his papers and walked around the table, shaking the hand of each man as he passed. When he reached King no word passed between them. The two shook hands and Ralston strode briskly from the room.

As the door closed King, a little flustered at last, remarked that he deeply regretted this unfortunate occasion.

Ralston went home to write his resignation and prepare a speech for parliament. With that speech he could defeat King. Mr Naughton and the Government if he chose. By one word of invitation he could take all his friends out of the Cabinet and command the support of a large group, perhaps a majority of English-speaking Liberals, in parliament. The whole Conservative Party was eager to follow him if he chose to form a conscriptionist coalition government.

No private member of parliament had ever occupied a comparable position of power before. Would he use it to revenge himself on King and Mr Naughton to enforce his conscription policy and to make himself prime minister? Ralston had no such intention. His only interest was to assure sufficient reinforcements for the army whether McNaughton obtained them



MACLEAN'S

Notice how soft the bristles feel to the scalp

by voluntary methods or by conscription. He would wait and see.

King realized Ralston's power of destruction but was hopeful it would never be used. He had gauged Ralston's course accurately. Ralston as King knew had no personal ambition and would give McNaughton every chance to make good the voluntary enlistment campaign. As King had no doubt of McNaughton's ability to find the necessary volunteers the problem apparently had been solved or soon would be.

With equal accuracy King had gauged the course of The Colonel's friends. Crerar, Macdonald, Ilsley and other conscriptionist ministers had been too flabbergasted by the afternoon's events to utter a word of protest at Ralston's dismissal. Their first impulse had been to leave the Cabinet with him. Then, without a moment to confer, they reached the simultaneous decision to remain and see The Crisis through. There would be plenty of time to resign and join Ralston if McNaughton failed and King still refused to invoke conscription. As soon as the Cabinet adjourned they asked Ralston's advice. He told them emphatically to hang on.

The magic of Mr Naughton's name and legend were now on trial. While the overseas army was staggered to find that its spiritual father apparently had let it down by opposing conscription, the officers of the army in Canada promised to redouble their recruiting efforts among the Zombies.

On Nov. 8 King spoke to the nation by radio, urged the Zombies to volunteer and announced that parliament would meet on Nov. 22.

His confidence was shaken when McNaughton faced a public meeting at Arnprior and was greeted with derision. A second speech in Ottawa went no better. The magic was not working as King had expected.

Then was no doubt in Mr Naughton's mind. If his officers would waive their prejudices and go to work the Zombies could be persuaded to volunteer. Actually no significant number volunteered. Between Nov. 1 and 18 McNaughton secured only five hundred and forty-nine recruits.

**November 13:**

A meeting of the "loyalists," as King's Cabinet supporters were calling themselves, agreed that voluntary recruitment would fail. The loyalists suggested to King that he face the possibility of parliamentary defeat, see the Governor-General immediately and make sure that if the Government fell it would be granted a dissolution and not replaced by a conscriptionist government without a general election.

King had become suddenly worried and irritable at Mr Naughton's obvious failure. He said he was being "used-up-mined" and was determined to find out who were his friends and who his enemies in the party.

When parliament opened he would find out. He was sure he could carry parliament with him. There was no need to discuss dissolution.

**November 14:**

The loyalists considered at length the strategy to be followed when parliament met eight days later. It was agreed that the Government would present a formal vote of confidence in itself to proclaim its anti-conscription policy and to test its support in the House.

The position of Mr Naughton was more ticklish. He was not a member of the House and could not appear there to defend his recruiting campaign to justify his refusal to invoke conscription. Further discussion devised a solution—let McNaughton be appointed to the Senate where he could speak as freely as in the Commons. King promised to consider this suggestion.

**November 15:**

By now the conscriptionists were satisfied that McNaughton had failed completely that conscription must follow and that King would never agree to it. Once the issue was raised in parliament they would resign and join Ralston. They did not agree on the Government's prospects. Some thought it would survive, others that it would fall and be succeeded by a conscriptionist coalition under Ralston.

**November 19:**

A Sunday conference between the leaders of the loyalist bloc went over the ill of parliament and concluded that the Government could carry it by a small majority on a no conscription policy. No one doubted that the Cabinet would split. Crerar and Macdonald at least would resign. Ilsley might be persuaded to stay. The prospects if grim were far from hopeless.

**November 20:**

A new cloud now appeared on the western sky. It was no bigger than a man's hand but in King's mind it grew, during the next forty-eight hours, into the shape of a cyclone. General




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ANISETTE — strong light — Aniseed — flavour with water

MENTHE — [illegible]

CURAÇAO — [illegible] — crystal orange

CACAO — [illegible] — essential cocktail

APRY — the fruit of the apricot

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MM-O-X




G. R. Pearkes, VC, commander of the 6th Division of drafted men, called an unprecedented press conference to give his officers the opportunity of discussing their difficulties with the public. Thus instructed to tell the truth about the recruitment problem the officers declared that they could not persuade any substantial number of their men to volunteer for overseas service. The Zombies, they said, would not volunteer, though they would go overseas willingly, even eagerly, if they were ordered there.

General Pearkes added that his officers "have never been in revolt but, on the contrary, have loyally supported the Government policy of producing the reinforcements for overseas."

The newspaper reports of the press conference astounded King. Evidently Pearkes, a highly respected officer, had undertaken in defiance of all military tradition to put pressure on the Government and to discredit the voluntary recruiting system in public. At first King thought this merely intolerable. As he brooded over the incident it appeared worse than that. Was military discipline among the high officers breaking down?

Later that same day McNaughton met a smaller group of the loyalists at Ian Mackenzie's apartment. One of the ministers noted that the commanders of the military districts throughout Canada had met in Ottawa the previous week and seemed to agree that voluntary recruiting was bound to fail. Some of them, it was said, had told McNaughton frankly that they could not persuade the Zombies to volunteer.

McNaughton was asked outright if that was true. McNaughton replied that he had every confidence in his military officers, mostly men whom he had chosen and who had served with him overseas. The officers of the army could be trusted. That statement was accepted at the moment.

On Nov. 20, while his friends conferred in Mackenzie's apartment, what secret calculations were forming in King's mind behind the stubborn refusal to accept conscription or to admit that his present policy might fail? Was he meditating already the somersault and transformation to be executed two days hence? There was as yet no sign of it, no hint of any change, no mention of the army's loyalty. That must be noted. As of Nov. 20 King stood against conscription, expected McNaughton to deliver the recruits if he had more time and believed the Government could carry parliament.

At the Cabinet meeting later in the day King appeared more firm than ever. When Crerar, Macdonald, Mulock and Gibson demanded a deadline on voluntary recruiting—Ralston's original request for which he had been dismissed—and suggested Dec. 1, King still objected.

After the Cabinet meeting King conferred privately with McNaughton, St-Laurent and Gardiner, another meeting to be acted on this frantic day when events moved by the hour almost by the minute toward their curious culmination.

The leading anti-conscription ministers told King flatly on this occasion that they would not serve in a Cabinet which enforced conscription. King faced his inevitable choice of exits. If he failed to impose conscription Crerar, Macdonald, Ilsley, Howe, Gibson and Mulock—perhaps others—would resign. If he imposed conscription he would lose not only all his Quebec ministers but Gardiner, McNaughton and perhaps others from the English-speaking provinces.

If this must be the choice King evidently had made it. He would still reject conscription. Or so it seemed to his friends. In retrospect even they cannot be sure.

The day of Nov. 20 ended with three facts apparently clear. McNaughton believed he would finally get the recruits without conscription, the loyalty of the army commanders, their determination to carry through the voluntary recruiting campaign, could not be doubted, and King was set against conscription.

All these three assumptions, the whole basis of Government policy, would not last two more days.

**November 21**

A new and moody King sat disconsolately at the head of the Cabinet table. Overnight he had sunk into a state of depression never seen in Cabinet before. He opened the meeting by remarking rather listlessly that he thought he should resign. By now his ministers were so physically exhausted, so punch-drunk with emotional shock that nothing could surprise them. They greeted King's announcement in silence.

As the Cabinet despairingly avoided the final break the discussion drifted aimlessly away from the only point of importance.

Some of King's friends suggested that if he intended to resign he should first tell the Liberal caucus his plans.

As he had done so often before Howe demanded that the Cabinet decide for or against conscription. "For God's sake let us make up our minds!" King was not ready to make up his mind. His present intentions might have startled even his shrewdest colleagues.

Macdonald, his last patience quite worn out, said he would certainly resign if McNaughton did not get the recruits without further delay. There followed a long digressive argument about the procedure to be followed in parliament next day, as if procedure mattered now when the Government had no agreed policy and seemed likely to explode before nightfall.

How was McNaughton to be brought before the House of Commons to present his defence? It was agreed that the House would meet for a few minutes the next day and on the day following would hear a statement from McNaughton. He would say what he could say in public and ask for a secret session to give further military details. McNaughton's speech and that fact is important to remember in the subsequent chronology—already was prepared.

The Cabinet recessed and King suggested to a group of the loyalists that he would ask the House for a vote of confidence and retire on prorogation. McNaughton would be given a short period to test out the voluntary system thoroughly. If at the end of that period reinforcements were not forthcoming King would return and ask some other Liberal to form a government. His successor would then be bound by King's pledge to submit his policy to parliament and could send the Zombies overseas by simple order in council.

The anti-conscription ministers announced that they would retire with King if it came to the breaking point.

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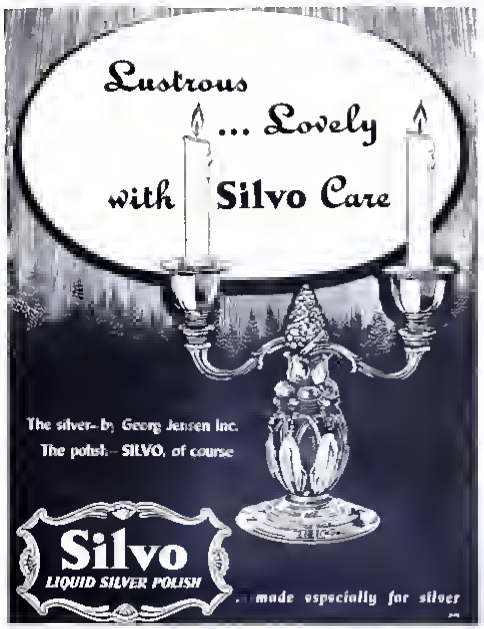
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The meaning of this announcement was plain—a Liberal conscriptionist Government would follow King's resignation and doubtless it would immediately coalesce with the Conservatives. The Liberal Party would be smashed again as in 1917. Quebec would be driven into isolation and the races of Canada would be split for another generation.

That was King's threat. It was intended to go home on both sides and if possible drive them together on the lip of the catastrophe. He pointed to the catastrophe. he made the threat, but did he mean it? Probably we shall never know, for the next day's events were to make the threat irrelevant.

To understand the events of the next day it is necessary to note that on Nov. 21 McNaughton was still assuring his colleagues that the voluntary recruiting drive would succeed. He mentioned no sign of trouble in the army.

Thus with a Government on the verge of dissolution, a Prime Minister ready to resign (or so he said) after the destruction of his quarter century of work, a Liberal Party apparently back to its schism of 1917, the Conservative Party eager to return to power under Ralston in a conscription coalition, Ralston still silent with the future in his hands, a Quebec angry with the racial anger of betrayal, English-speaking Canada determined not to accept the domination of a minority and parliament ready to erupt on the morrow, the night of Nov. 21 1944, passed into the dawn of the weirdest day in Ottawa's memory.

**November 22**

King arose at Laurier House in the full knowledge that before another night his career would be remade or broken forever. With complete sincerity he believed that if he failed the nation would be broken also. Whether in the early hours of that morning he already had decided on his great somersault history may never know.

While King either meditated his coup or, as he told the story awaited the climax which he still did not foresee, his ministers were preparing for the debacle that afternoon.

Power was ready to resign quietly to save King embarrassment. If he and other Quebec ministers left the Government King would be free to adopt conscription on some formula that might satisfy the national majority. It would mean, of course, the loss of French Canada to the Liberal Party. In any case Power would not accept conscription.

St. Laurent did not believe for a moment that King would accept conscription. Then came the first clear intimation of St. Laurent's dimensions and the factor which might yet save the Government. He told his friends that he would be ready to accept a measure of conscription if the voluntary system were given a further brief fair trial and if at the same time King announced that its failure would be followed by the dispatch of the Zombies overseas.

This was a vital change in St. Laurent's immediate position and could alter the balance of the Cabinet. It represented no change however in St. Laurent's original thinking. He had refused to pledge himself to his electors against conscription under any circumstances and had warned them candidly that it might be unavoidable. He wished to make sure by a last trial of the voluntary method that it could not provide the troops which he was determined to secure.

In the judgment of the Quebec ministers St. Laurent's acceptance of conscription, if proved necessary, might save King for the moment. It would not save Quebec for the Liberal Party. Even St. Laurent they thought could not hold his people on such a policy or prevent the dreaded racial rupture. The Quebec ministers were wrong.

Many secret and hurried conferences were held on that electric morning. Mackenzie, still believing that King would never adopt conscription, had drafted another of his paper Cabinets.

But the arguments, manoeuvres and wranglings of the last fortnight had become meaningless. A telephone call to King's office had changed the nation's history in the space of few seconds. The great coup was under way.

According to King's account McNaughton telephoned him about noon and in a voice hoarse with shock exclaimed: "I have terrible news for you, Chief. What I must tell you will come as a body blow."

The military commanders of Canada said McNaughton, no longer would accept the responsibility of directing the army unless conscription were applied immediately.

A body blow. Perhaps a death sentence on the Government. So thought McNaughton. How could he suppose that King would turn the death sentence into a last-minute reprieve?

Even King (according to his own version) could see no hope of survival. He hung up the telephone, knowing, he said, that he no longer faced a political crisis, or even a racial schism but the disintegration of the army, a military uprising which might seize the civil power, a state of national anarchy, nothing less.

The secret was too terrible for communication to the Cabinet. Only St. Laurent could be told for now St. Laurent had become the key to everything. Standing together King and St. Laurent might still fend off anarchy—provided St. Laurent would accept conscription—to which anarchy now named the certain alternative.

Called to King's office and told Mc Naughton's views or King's version of it St. Laurent replied bluntly that the military must be resisted. Otherwise he said Canada was reduced to the status of some South American banana republic where the officer class could alter governments at will. The Cabinet must fight the uprising.

"Fight?" King retorted. "Fight with what? Our bare hands?"

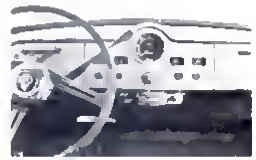
The calm man from Quebec was incredulous. Civil government threatened by a military putsch! It was impossible. Yes said King, but true. There could be no doubt about it. He had McNaughton's word. And if the army now seized actual control of the government St. Laurent must ask himself whether the civil power could ever recover. There was only one possible thing to do—said King—the Government by yielding to the demand for conscription could maintain its onward direction of events and, when The Crisis passed could master them again.

As St. Laurent listened in silence

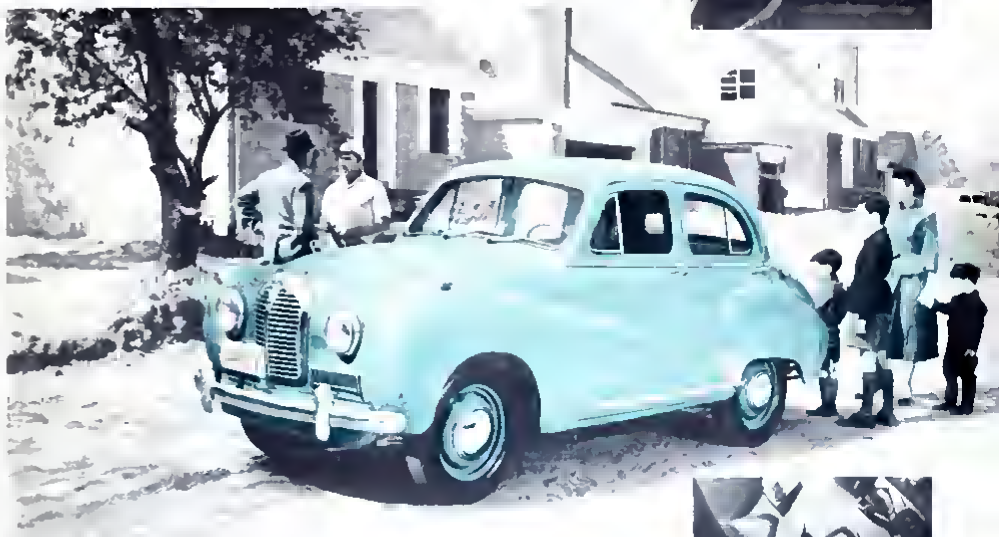

NEXT ISSUE
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tells the story of how
MACKENZIE KING
won his
GREATEST GAMBLE
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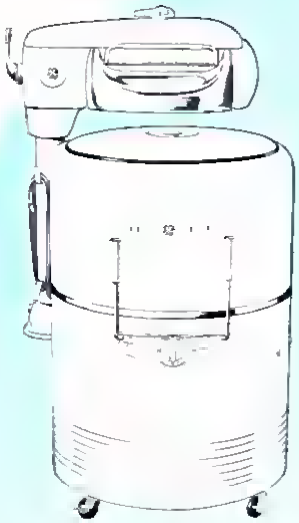
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MAJOR APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT — MONTREAL


King felt himself standing with his secret on the lip of bottomless chasm and black night. Whether St. Laurent believed King only St. Laurent knows. Whether King believed himself forced himself to believe or was acting a part unbelievable and grotesque only King knew.

Or perhaps King himself never knew for he could believe anything he wished to believe and at this moment complete belief in his intended course was essential. We have only King's own version of this strange meeting the version which he repeated with rising passion and conviction until his death. So stands the only known record.

St. Laurent may have believed King and shared his alarm. He may have thought that King alone or King and McNaughton together were exaggerating the danger unconsciously or deliberately to force conscription on the Cabinet. In the few minutes granted him St. Laurent must have realized that if he opposed conscription further there might or might not be military disintegration as King feared but in either case the Government the party and the nation would fly apart before the day was out.

St. Laurent may reveal in due time his thoughts on that once of Nov. 22 1944. All we know yet is that he was ready for conscription and always had been if it could be proved necessary and only wished the issue settled on its merits. Now it was to be settled by pressure and panic.

Nevertheless, the need of conscription had been finally proved beyond doubt—McNaughton could not get volunteers and the Prime Minister expected national anarchy. St. Laurent was left with no option. The man who knew little of politics saw that the historic forces then in play had become irresistible. He consented to immediate conscription.

In that consent he had saved the Government, the Liberal Party and perhaps the nation. He had made himself the nation's future master. In human measurement he had proved himself a much larger man than King.

King had acted from the heart by the compulsions of the Anglo-Saxon had yielded to the call of history had moved with the majority of his own race and had accepted the easier political alternative whereas St. Laurent had acted from the head by reason against the instincts of his race and against all his political interests. For something larger than Quebec he had taken the harder alternative and risked his whole career without a minute's hesitation. Thereby without knowing it he had prepared himself his race and the whole nation for yet another crisis and another enemy now six years off.

Never before except perhaps on that September dawn of 1759 when Montcalm faced Wolfe on the river bluff had two men so held the fortunes of Canada in their hands. King and St. Laurent parted only half aware of their power and with no assurance that it would outlast the day. By agreement neither of them repeated McNaughton's secret.

When parliament opened that afternoon King went solemnly through the empty motion of tabling Ralston's resignation remarking that this was one of the most painful experiences of his life and paying a generous tribute to his former colleague.

Gordon Graydon now leading the Opposition in John Bracken's *locum tenens* demanded debate on a "high plane" condemned all partisan manoeuvre and formally moved for the imposition of total conscription.

King was ready for him. Mr. Speaker Glen ruled that the motion required forty-eight hours' notice. He would not permit an appeal from his ruling. At King's suggestion the House agreed to hear McNaughton next day and adjourned at 4.30.

Nothing stood at that hour as it seemed to stand. Every posture was false. The Cabinet ostensibly opposed conscription. The conscriptionist ministers planned to resign before next morning. Ralston watched in silence—a spectator or tomorrow's prime minister? The Conservatives crouched for the long-awaited pounce on a victim who was no longer there. King and St. Laurent had kept their secret.

The Liberal caucus met immediately after the House adjourned. As usual King was late in arriving. Meanwhile in the caucus chamber only St. Laurent knew what lay ahead although King had hinted discreetly to Macdonald—the most implacable of his opponents—that the situation had changed and Macdonald therefore should do nothing prematurely.

Unaware of any such change, Crerar the elder statesman around whom the rebellion was centring, rose to address the caucus. He never uttered the words that would have proclaimed the conscriptionists mass resignation. He was cut short by King who entered the room at that moment and quietly ashed the caucus to adjourn while he discussed "important new developments" with the Cabinet.

The caucus broke up in a buzz of rumor and speculation. King left without another word. The conscriptionist ministers met and agreed to resign that night.

The Cabinet had been summoned to meet at eight o'clock with the clear impression that King would reject conscription, face the mass resignations and survive or fall in parliament next day.

Power just out of hospital and ignorant of the day's secret events, was summoned to King's office at a quarter to eight.

The Prime Minister was in a state of extreme agitation. "Chubby," he said, "I don't know what I would do without you."

Hurriedly in a few shaky sentences, King explained that he had heard from McNaughton that day. McNaughton had told him that the game was up he could not get the reinforcements. there was nothing for it but conscription.

There was no word of any military uprising not a hint of the day's real secret. Could it not be shared even with Power from whom no secrets had ever been withheld? Or did King know that Power would refuse to believe it? Here again the King version encounters only silence and mystery. If that version is true if the danger of military uprising was indeed a fact and not a figment contrived for King's purposes, why was it not told to Power at this critical moment when Power's support was vital to King when Power might be persuaded in the nick of time to support conscription? Of that the King version tells us nothing.

With no means of knowing what was in the other's mind Power listened to King's plans. The Cabinet said King would be asked that night to conscript sixteen thousand draftees of the Home Defence Army and send them overseas.

Would Power accept this compromise?

In the hardest moment of his life Power did not waver. He said he would resign without any word of complaint against King. The other Quebec ministers under St. Laurent's influence doubtless would support the conscription formula.

In a last entreaty King suggested that Power could oppose conscription



"Well, we're finally going to get something back on the car insurance premiums we've been paying all these years!"

MACLEAN'S

and still remain in the Government. It was a wild stab in the dark and would look only absurd in tomorrow's daylight. Aghast at such constitutional nonsense Power merely repeated that he would resign in the morning and left King alone in his office with his untold secret.

After these weeks of anguish the Cabinet meeting was a strange anticlimax. As the ministers waited to hear from King McNaughton said quietly that he had received a disappointing report from his staff officers. They had concluded that the voluntary system could not supply the reinforcements urgently required. Without offering further argument or any excuse for his *volte-face* he recommended that sixteen thousand of the Home Army be made subject to immediate conscription.

King said that with reluctance he supported McNaughton's recommendation.

St. Laurent nodded his approval. For a moment the Cabinet was silent. What could be said? The conscriptionists knew that they had won that the magic of McNaughton had failed that Ralston had been King. The Quebec ministers knew that further protest would be useless. They must accept follow St. Laurent or retire. Only Power was ready to retire but he said nothing. The formal decision to impose conscription to reverse the whole course of King's policy and life work to concede that the conscriptionists were right and Ralston villainously was made with hardly a word of debate.

What may be regarded as the most extraordinary if not the most important cabinet decision since Confederation had passed without a whisper of anger from the defeated faction or a gesture of triumph from the victors.

The Cabinet went home to bed. Power to write his resignation and a great Canadian soldier now a sadder and a wiser man locked himself up with his regrets to rewrite in opposite terms the speech against conscription already prepared for tomorrow's session of parliament. McNaughton also was worn out by his first failure in the art of politics which he did not understand. Toward dawn he sought a few hours' sleep before his next ordeal. His expert's finished the task of turning his speech inside out by 5 a.m. and they in turn went home exhausted. At that moment The Crisis was over.

Out of the events of Nov. 22 two questions arise.

First: had King won his greatest victory or suffered his worst defeat?

By all public appearances he had retreated under fire, swallowed his pride and his record, yielded to Ralston and done what up to that very day he had sworn never to do.

King rejected this conclusion then and rejected it with increasing vehemence until his death. Nothing enraged him so much as the accepted theory that Ralston had defeated him. In his own judgment he had won a triumph unequalled by any Canadian statesman. He had succeeded where Borden had failed in persuading the responsible leaders of Quebec to accept conscription. He had saved the Liberal Party and Quebec from the isolation into which Laurier had plunged them. Under almost unbearable pressure he had kept intact the structure rebuilt in 1917. And he had kept the nation intact.

Second: had there been any danger of a military uprising even of a few officers' resignations? Had McNaughton reason to believe that his army command was disintegrating? Had he received actual threats and if so were they real threats from men of importance? Or had King seized on some minor discontent in the army and exploited it into the threat of anarchy convinced St. Laurent of this danger and thus forced conscription on the Cabinet because he knew that anything less would produce the deluge?

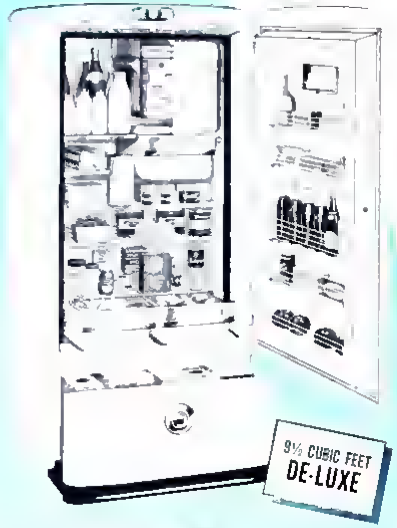
In short was King's decision based on a cold-blooded calculation of the political forces in play had he realized that he could not maintain anti-conscription policy had he invented the military coup and forced Mr. Naughton to recommend conscription or had Canada stood in November 1944 in the shadow of chaos?

King's answers to these questions in his old age were unequivocal emphatic and angry. He said he had had positive information showing that the army command was about to break down. The plot also involved prominent political personages whom he would not name. He had the record here, he said, and would print it in his autobiography for the world to judge. Then the world would see that in the face of national disloyalism he had done the only thing he could do: not because reinforcements were lacking but because conscription was needed not because he had been wrong in his former judgment but solely because he and he alone was called upon to save the nation.

While all this, no doubt as set down




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MAJOR APPLIANCE [illegible] MONTREAL

in King's private records they cannot answer the most fascinating riddle in Canadian history. For King may have misconstrued as a dangerous conspiracy the mere mutterings of some army officers, the prospects of a few resignations. With complete sincerity, or his habitual self-deception, he could easily have built this evidence into a formidable brief for the defense.

Those who were close to King are split into two groups: the believers and the disbelievers. The believers so far have produced no concrete evidence to support King's conclusion. They have not named a single officer who was about to resign. They are not sure how much King knew or thought he knew.

But they argue, and powerfully, that the whole atmosphere of the army as indicated by the Pearkes press conference was charged with eruption. Only a few more days, perhaps hours, of resistance to conscription would have uncorked the volcano. And they say, only a few resignations at the top would have been necessary to start the full-have flow of disaster. The situation, in fact, was getting completely out of control by November 22 when King heard of it and, in his most heroic act, extinguished the fatal spark.

Perhaps the best evidence in King's favor is the attitude of St. Laurent. He was not a man to see ghosts. He was the last man of all to be terrified by threats. Yet King evidently convinced him, if not that a general conspiracy was hatching, at least that the nation was in danger.

On the other hand, as far as this writer can discover, few if any of King's other colleagues credited the story of an impending military uprising. They believed then and believe now that while the army command certainly was restive and dissatisfied it had no intention of adventuring into politics, no thought of defying the government, no plan of general resignations.

The disbelievers, or some of them, are ready to agree that King may have convinced himself of these dangers, since he could convince himself of anything at will, but they think it was an act of will in pursuance of a deep-laid strategy. King, in this view, had searched the end of his conscription policy.

His problem then was to sell the opposite policy to French Canada and that problem centred in St. Laurent. There was no use trying to persuade St. Laurent or Quebec to accept conscription on its merits especially when King himself still did not believe in it. Even the prospect of a party smash would not be enough to overcome French Canada's objections. Some much larger argument, some supreme emergency and nothing less could shake St. Laurent and the other Quebec leaders.

When King heard the first whisper of trouble in the army—so this version goes—he seized it in a clutch of desperation and used it as only he could use it, with a transcendent actor's art. If this were not so, how to explain King's silence to Power a few hours after the secret hurst upon him and a few minutes before the Cabinet decided on conscription? Here was the one trump in King's deck which might have outbid Power's objections. It was never played. Nor did King mention his discovery to other colleagues until long afterwards when most of them dismissed it with a shrug of disbelief. Again, why had MacNaughton heard nothing of trouble in the army before midmorning, November 22? Why had he told his colleagues, the day before, that he could get the needed volunteers.

The believers are unmoved by this argument. They say that of course the conscriptionist ministers disbelieved King because they wished to believe that they and they alone had defeated him. They would not share their victory with the restless army. As for the army itself some of the leading figures, like General Stuart, are dead. Most of the higher officers were overseas throughout the Crisis. This writer, after diligent enquiries, can discover no home-service officer who had heard anything whatsoever of King's nightmare.

If resignations were pending they were well hidden. If the whole affair was indeed a figment in King's imagination, placed there with or without prompting by MacNaughton, it served its purpose. Without it real or unreal, the Crisis probably would have lurched into incalculable confusion far more destructive than the ruin of King.

Possibly of all living men only MacNaughton knows the truth. Having sealed his papers in the Archives he has kept the honorable vow of silence, accepted the humiliation which was to follow the shift of Nov. 22, 1944, and gone placidly to other fields of public service.

Was he persuaded, unforced or tricked by King, or was he compelled by the facts into recommending conscription on one day after opposing it the day before? That is the hard core of the riddle. Some time, perhaps, MacNaughton or his papers will answer it. ★

## Where Even Women Stop Talking

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

six year-old Jesuit priest with white hair, a pink face, humorous blue eyes, chestnut eyebrows which he brushes with a paper knife while talking, and a faint Irish brogue. He lives there with a houseman, a gardener, a German shepherd dog named Mike and a Chinese cook named Robert Chong who, when I asked him if he'd ever made a retreat, laughed and said, "Not today, isn't it?"

Fleming said: "I've never asked any of my staff their views on retreats. I'd consider it an intrusion on an employee's rights.

Retreatants have their own simple quarters, a third of a big partitioned bedroom, each section with a prayer desk, dresser and bed. They make their own beds, eat their meals together in a main dining room and spend the week end in a physical environment that is somewhere between that of a summer lodge and a small expensive family hotel in town.

The retreat follows a fixed schedule, built around a series of informal addresses by a Jesuit priest appointed retreat master for the week end. He sits at a desk in the narrow chapel, which was originally a big sun porch, and here, in conversational monochurchly tones, he explains the points of the exercises of Saint Ignatius Loyola, founder of the order of Jesuits and universal patron of retreats. The address over, the men file out and begin the meditation period which follows each talk: sitting around by themselves in the library, the lounge or, in good weather, out around the grounds, thinking over what they have just heard. Most of them wear sports shirts, slacks and knockaround shoes. Sports clothes are recommended on the grounds that they help ease the tension some men feel so close to church.

To a newcomer it's a bit startling to see so many men dressed as if for golf or holiday horseplay, sitting around thinking. The men can smoke except during prayer periods or devotions. Veteran retreatants warn newcomers to bring plenty of cigarettes and matches as a heavy smoker cut off for two days is apt to find it impossible to get his mind on anything.

Periods are marked like changes of class in high school by the ringing of an electric bell that can be heard all through the retreat house and for a long distance out in the grounds. Fleming appears now and then from his office upstairs passing silently along the colorful corridors in his black cassock or stepping out briskly in the grounds, but it is the retreat master who shepherds the group through the practical details of the week and appoints men to such minor offices as bell ringer and acolyte.

Men with serious personal problems to get sorted out need no prompting to make full use of the principles of the retreat.

"Many of them have tried other ways without success," Father Fleming says. "To them a retreat is a last chance. They face things in a way that they've never faced them before."

But a few go through the monastic routine like a boy on a school trip in the Egyptian pottery section. Silence is not always a hundred percent. It's a shock to some, and in the first stages, a bit embarrassing to most.

A fast-talking fashionably dressed woman secretary who organizes retreats to one of Toronto's two Roman Catholic retreat houses for women told me, "I


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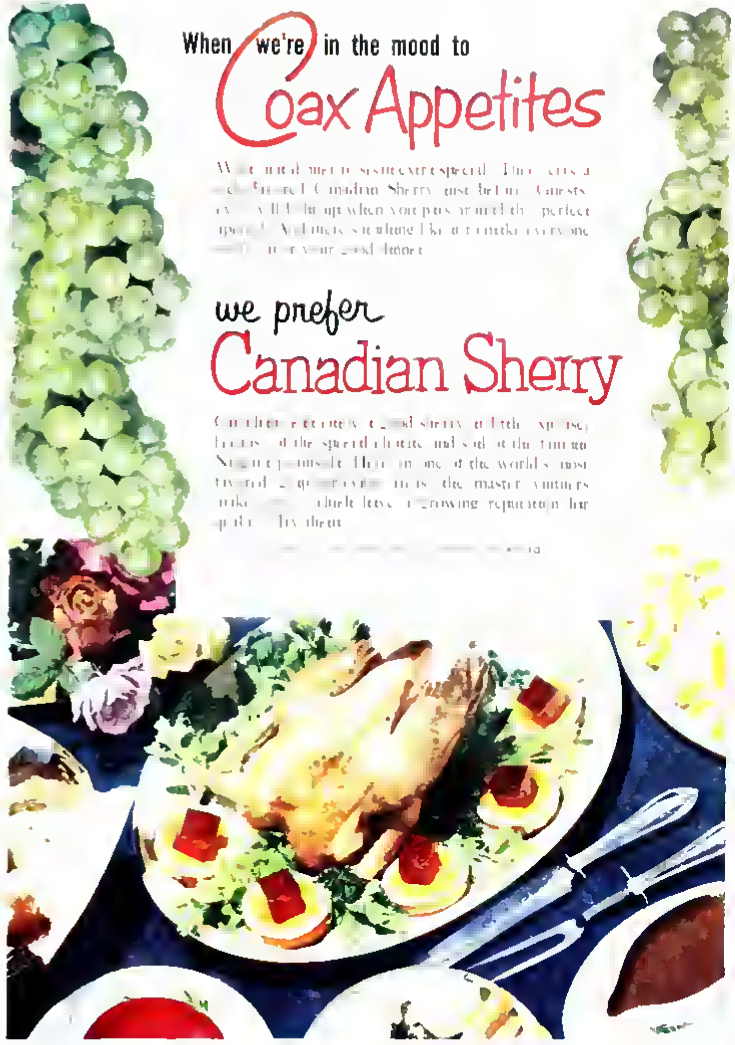
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was told by a priest that the max aren't as good at being silent as the women

But when I asked her what priest she said "That would be telling wouldn't it"

Most talkers simply keep going by sheer momentum after morals, but others try to take in gestures and sign language missing the whole idea which is to be silent not only outwardly but inwardly Others go for walks in pairs keeping considerable distance between one another and talking out of the corner of their mouths like convicts planning a prison break This dodge doesn't fool Fleming who can spot talkers the way an ornithologist can spot a redpoll warbler

Now and then he stands on the terrace muttering things like "Look at those two Talking to beat the band Usually he lets it pass unless the talker is bothering others Then Fleming gets the retreat captain to check him I They don't mind the retreat captain but they might be upset if I did it

Usually there are thirty five to forty men at Manresa on a retreat although the week end I was there there were only twelve the retreat captain a dark nervous accountant in his mid fifties a Canadian importer a brisk red faced bald man who told me "Don't mention my occupation just say I composed When the Boys Come Marching Home" a rumble-sized professional magician a shy looking shaky day laborer a department store clerk an apprentice electrician a commercial artist a secretary an engineer a Bell Telephone lineman and a tall pleasant-faced restaurant operator with sad brown baggy eyes

I arrived in time for a noon meal of onion soup boiled beef creamed potatoes carrots and peas applesauce ginger cake and coffee Everyone got a long way with the meal in silence although there was no restriction on talking during this period The retreat captain asked the waiter in a puzzled stage whisper if Father Fleming had issued special orders The waiter shook his head shrugged and looked mystified Everybody at the table had been listening in Then all started to laugh and talk at once each saying he hadn't been talking simply because nobody else had It was the twelfth of July

I was introduced amid general laughter as a Protestant making a retreat from the Orangemen The man who composed When the Boys Come Marching Home told a joke about a man who suddenly became violent about the Jews charging them with crucifying Christ and who being told in some amazement that that happened two thousand years ago said he'd only heard about it yesterday Someone's called out That man at the end of the table is a writer give him more soup The retreat captain told me the trick in making a retreat was to get in a room with someone who didn't snore He added We had a salesman here once who was so used to having a room up over a streetcar line he couldn't sleep for the quiet Lots of men are scared to leave the house They're afraid of the great outdoors

After dinner I followed the men around the Stations of the Cross a devotion commemorating the main events of Christ's journey from Pilate's tribunal to Calvary We walked in a body to fourteen locations along the gravel pathways each position marked with a wooden plaque on a standard The laborer had been chosen to read the prayers at each station He was in shirt sleeves He wore braces over his faded pink striped shirt He was nervous and unhappy looking and pretty shaky His voice quavered


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"Then he released to them Barabbas and having scourged Jesus delivered Him unto them to be crucified"

It was hot A cicada was buzzing off in the hot fields The men's boots made scuffling sounds in the gravel

"Wishing to liberate Jesus the quavering voice went on "Pilate brings Him before the multitude He is bruised and bleeding from head to foot"

Mike the German shepherd dog appeared with a baby rabbit in his jaws put it down playfully and watched it curiously while it flopped on the ground until it died of fright We shuffled silently to the next station A blue dragonfly its body throbbing in the hot sunlight clung to the wooden station

"O Jesus I have little reason to become indignant at the people who clamored for Your death" the laborer read in a thin voice

The men repeated the words in a mumbled monotone "They only represented me and other sinners in their cry"

Three Sabre jets tore through the hot summer sky their hollow scream drowning out the quavering voice of the little man in the pink-striped shirt

I left the group and walked toward a ravine with the retreat captain who had planned to break his schedule for that week end to give me the information I wanted We crossed a high rustic wooden bridge

"Those men are all making a serious effort" he said "The man reading the service is a bit nervous, but he's trying"

He showed me around a deeply wooded section of the grounds When we came back and sat down in the library the Quebec importer in hand some expensive elderly man smoking a cigar sat down with us evidently declaring a brief recreation period of his own in the interests of giving me information Out the window I could see half a dozen men sitting under trees Four were reading two were looking out over the countryside and smoking

The retreat captain told me that getting people to come out on a retreat for the first time takes a bit of selling

"For one thing they're a bit shy of spending the week end with strangers And they don't know what's going to happen to them They don't even know how it's going to feel to stop talking One old fellow brought a deck of cards with him so he could play solitaire in case things got too tough He didn't open the pack"

Many of the retreats are organized and promoted by a ten man lay executive of the Catholic Laymen Retreat Association appointed each year by Fleming and under his direction who held formal meetings once a month at Manresa

"We discuss problems hold post mortems on week ends that didn't go over so well And we appoint retreat captains for each week end Each retreat captain lines up the men for his own week end but we all work together too to get men out We have planning bees We meet at night in business offices where members of the association work in the day time and use the phones We all get on a phone and call prospects We get the names different ways Some are turned over by Father Fleming Some come from the parishes

"We get all kinds of excuses They say I know retreats are a wonderful thing I just don't feel like it right now I feel holy enough When they do get here some of them do a lot of kidding at first They say What a sacrifice' What a week end for golf' But it's just a matter of their nervousness They all leave here enthusiastic about the whole thing"

The occasional person who believes repentance is proportional to discomfort he told me is a bit indignant about having things so good

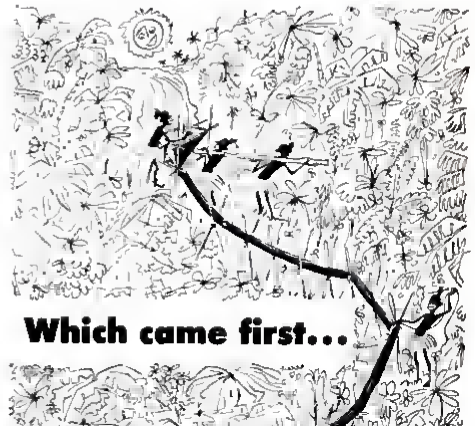
"One man had been living with somebody else's wife and he expected to get shrived out about it for five eight hours He was sore when he wasn't He thought it would be something like having a shower Get cleaned up over the week end and go back to the girl friend on Monday He just missed the point"

We went upstairs and on the second floor I could see one man sitting at his desk reading and across the hall from him another writing at his desk The retreat captain told me that November until April are the best months to get people out Enthusiastic organizers are not above using a trick or two in the good cause of getting a prospect over the first hurdle Once two trout fishermen temporarily becoming fishers of men arranged to go on a fishing trip with two cronies bought four bottles of whisky to make the whole thing convincing skilfully deposited the two innocent victims in the happy fishing grounds of Manresa After the week end the two new retreatants took the bottles home uncorked They've been regular customers at Manresa ever since

"Men with wives who make retreats themselves usually don't have any trouble getting away Even if their wives don't make retreats they don't mind as long as they're left the car One woman told Father Fleming If you can knock any religion into my




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old man's head I'm all for it.' It's in a woman's interest when her husband makes a retreat anyway. One man said he found his wife unbearable until he made a retreat. Then he found he wasn't so hot himself."

But occasionally, he said, a wife gets a bit sharp about the whole deal, figuring that a man can go a long way without his soul but he won't get far if he doesn't look after such household chores as fixing the plumbing. Sometimes wives won't call their husbands to the phone when the retreat captain calls. The odd one shouts back, "I'd like to see him go this week end." *I'd just like to see him go.* One wife getting a look at Manresa for the first time, said with some asperity, "How do you keep them from coming every week end?"

Lots of Alcoholics Anonymous here found making a retreat a logical follow-up to their twelve-point program and Fleming encourages them to make retreats. "There's a remarkable resemblance between the A.A. program and the first part of the spiritual exercises of St. Ignatius," he says. "One of the big difficulties of an alcoholic is recognizing the reason for his problem. A retreat helps him do it."

Other people who make group retreats to Manresa are doctors, dentists, lawyers, department - store groups. Immigrant groups often make a retreat, bring their own retreat master who speaks their language. Among the professional men, doctors show the liveliest spirits. "They act just like a bunch of kids," Fleming says proudly. "Next to the parish priest they're the busiest men of all. They give up their time, get another man to take their place in the office. They make a real sacrifice."

Manresa is run by donations and retreatants are asked to give what they can. It is pointed out that it costs between ten and fifteen dollars to feed and house a man over the week end. Donations have ranged from nothing to one hundred dollars. When I asked Fleming if Manresa showed a profit he said, "Are you kidding! I had to beg money this spring to keep things going."

People of all faiths are welcome at Manresa. Fleming watches the newcomers arrive dubiously, looking a bit like men in a dentist's office, and leaving with enthusiastic vows to be back with as many friends as they can bring and believing, as Fleming puts it, "as if they were walking on air."

In the way of publicity, one of his executives, an advertising man, has prepared a slick plastic folder that starts, "Manresa offers you two days of physical rest, of mental peace and spiritual refreshment and an opportunity to get away from it all." Which is a modern way of saying what one early Christian, Peter Chrysologus, said: "Let the voice of God sound in our ears, let no familiar sounds confuse our hearing." Or, as Father Fleming put it, tapping his desk with his paper knife, "A retreat is the best way to get back on the beam." ★




## How They Saved the Worst Kid in Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

improvement. True, he was still terrified of doctors but he would now submit to an examination providing Marion preceded the visit with a half-hour rehearsal of what was to follow. "Now take off your coat, now take off your shirt," she would say, and pretend to listen to his chest with an imaginary stethoscope. He still hated school and referred to it as "a stinking place," yet he offered no serious objection after Marion volunteered to accompany him there each morning. He got into the habit of going and his attendance was surprisingly regular.

He was beginning to show some capacity for warmth and affection. Formerly tense and withdrawn if anyone so much as put a hand on his shoulder, he would now occasionally greet Marion or the matron of the shelter with a kiss. Since this was a new experience for him he phrased his first feelings of affection in awkward terms. Once, holding Marion's hands, he said, "I like you so much I could kill you—you no-darn-good no-good." He began to show some respect for her opinions. One day he began talking quickly and incoherently, pausing every once in a while to ask her, "Am I crazy? Do you really think I'm crazy?" Some of the children at the shelter had nicknamed him "Looney Boy." He was concerned about it and this was his way of asking her what she thought about it.

But a child like Gordie Runge seldom shows steady and continuous improvement. There is an ebb and flow to the quality of his behavior, the result of what is happening in his environment.

Christmas was now drawing near. Everywhere at school there was joyous talk of family reunions. Cast adrift by his own family Gordie felt—more poignantly than ever before—the deep sharp pain of loneliness. He grew more sullen and less communicative. Finally, on Dec. 10, he erupted. In the school library he got into a heated argument with another boy over the possession of a book. Returning to the shelter in a rage he upset the beds, tore clothes off their racks, and ran about screaming. "He acted as though he had gone mad," said a boy who had watched him. Later, when his fury was spent, he sheepishly apologized and helped clean up the mess.

But in spite of the apologies his behavior, if anything, became worse. He played with matches, setting fire to his bedclothes and mattress. He upset the shelter Christmas party by throwing a temper tantrum and shouting, "I don't want your crummy presents. Take them away."

Gordie was the subject of another CAS conference in February 1949. Although he was more settled than he had been around Christmas time, his behavior was still frequently erratic; he was a lone wolf as far as the other children were concerned; he was eating so little it was feared he might become physically ill. It now became clear that his emotional problems needed the attention of people with special skill. And so Gordie was taken for treatment to the out-patients' department of the Toronto Psychiatric Hospital.

During the next eleven months Gordie visited the clinic for an hour each week. The staff psychiatrist assigned to him was Dr. Ted Rosen, a slender fair man in his thirties, himself the father of two young children.

Psychiatric treatment for Gordie had to be carried out in a special way. "It would have been difficult—if not impos-


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sible—for Gordie to discuss his problem in words," says Rosen. "Some other means of communication was needed." At the psychiatric clinic the method used was play. The psychiatrist's office was full of toys, checkers, blocks and there paints and crayons. By the manner in which Gordie played with the toys and by the way he got along with the psychiatrist, insight was gained about the real nature of his conflicts.

Rosen was to play a key role in the treatment of Gordie Runge. He gave him a new experience. It is sometimes referred to as a "freeing experience." Gordie felt that he could act as he liked without arousing Rosen's ire or dislike. At the same time the psychiatrist let it be known that he could help him control his behavior.

All of Gordie's behavior tricks had been developed for a purpose: to make an adjustment to life. In time, at the clinic, he grew to feel there was no need to oppose or to be opposed and gradually he acted more normally. During the first sessions Rosen made a number of important observations. His patient evidently had a great need to control the situation he found himself in. Entering the office Gordie said emphatically, "We're going to play games and I'm going to beat you." He chose checkers. Throughout the game he revealed an intense desire to win. But he played in a disorganized way, failing to see the board as a whole and concerned only with his own men. When he lost, his face became a lifeless mask. When he was winning he would jump up from his seat and dance around the room whooping hysterically with joy. Because he was fond of the red checkers he found it impossible to abide by the starting rules of the game: the winner takes red and goes first. Neither could he observe the regulations concerning tea time, a regular feature of the sessions. Gordie had put six spoons of sugar in his tea. When the second cup was poured Rosen said, "You can only have two spoons of sugar. That's all we use here." Gordie refused to accept this ruling and finally the sugar bowl was removed. Jumping up, his face ablaze with anger, he shouted, "Do you want me to come back here?" and stamped out of the office.

### Explosion or Retreat

This was to be the pattern of the therapeutic sessions during the weeks to come: a checker game, a tea party, some talk, sometimes varied by a game of soldiers or house-building. Rosen was carefully observing his patient, getting to know him and building up a close relationship with him. While Gordie was with the psychiatrist, Marion Moeller spent her time with Gordon Aldridge, a psychiatric social worker who was a member of the clinic staff, discussing Gordie's behavior between clinic visits. Then after each session Rosen and Aldridge would get together and discuss the case.

During the early sessions, when confronted with an unpleasant situation, Gordie would either violently explode or silently withdraw within himself, remaining speechless for five or ten minutes. "He couldn't control these outbursts," says Rosen. "When he was thwarted it would trigger off an emotional reaction; in a sense he was emotionally reliving his past. These were the feelings he would experience from earliest times when he was cast aside by his parents and others."

But by the end of the seventh term, helped by the calm and understanding of the psychiatrist, his behavior was changing. When he lost a checker game he would say, "Let's play again. You take black and go first." He appeared willing to obey at least half of the rules about starting. Later when he attempted to pour sugar directly from the bowl into his cup Rosen suggested that he use a spoon and take only two spoons full. He obeyed, only after becoming slightly flustered. His play revealed that he was losing his earlier suspicion of Rosen and was accepting him as a friend. He built a toy cabin out of logs and when Rosen asked him who lived in it he replied, "You, me and Miss Moeller."

His progress was also reflected in his life outside the clinic. When he was losing a game of Snakes and Ladders that he had been playing with Marion he suddenly put his head in his arms and sobbed, "I don't want anyone to be better than I am." Marion the next day recorded in her files: "Gordie is becoming better at putting his feelings into words and expressing them a little more directly and normally." He could accept limits placed upon him with greater comfort. Once he asked her to buy him a mechanical boat which cost $1.39. "I can't," she said. "You've already spent your allowance for this week and you have nothing saved up."

"You'd better buy it for me—I'm warning you," said Gordie, his lips curling. Her second refusal released a torrent of abuse. When she visited him at the shelter a few hours later all was forgiven. After chatting for five minutes Gordie asked her for three cents. He was refused. Instead of becoming upset he asked her to tuck him into bed and kiss him goodnight.

He was plainly becoming more independent. In addition to an hour each Tuesday he would formerly wander into Marion's office several times a week making demands of her. Now his appearances became less fre-




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quest. He sometimes even missed the regular get-togethers. She was encouraged to note that sometimes it was because he was busy playing with some of the other boys. He was also beginning to make friends at school. His growing self-confidence led him to punch a much larger boy in the nose. "I didn't think he had it in him," the school principal told Marion. "He always used to run away."

During April and May Gordie lost ground because of an unforeseen crisis in his life: Marion was going to be married. She realized this development would disturb Gordie and that he had to be prepared for it. So one day late in April while walking home from clinic she told him that she was going to be married in three weeks. He looked at her disbelievingly, then asked her several questions, questions which mirrored his fears.

"Are you sure you're going to come back here after a week?"

"Absolutely sure," she replied.

"What did you say your name was going to be?"

"Mrs. Harvey."

"Are you going to look the same?"

"Exactly the same."

"Will you act the same?"

"Of course I will."

After walking along silently for a half block he turned to her and said, "I'm going to go on calling you Miss Moeller."

He was upset during the week that she was away. His appetite dwindled. At night he would wake up sobbing bitterly. "What will her name be when she gets back?" he would ask over and over again. His sense of loss and insecurity was reflected in his behavior at the clinic. Rosen noted that he was "uncomfortable and uneasy." He made demands for money. When he spoke he kept his eyes glued to the ground.

A week later, when Miss Moeller, now Mrs. Harvey, returned from her honeymoon, Gordie eyed her appraisingly. During the next few weeks he showed that he wasn't entirely reconciled to the marriage. He was somewhat aloof and would frequently ask her, "What's your name?" Despite her answer he continued to call her Miss Moeller. The barrier between them finally lifted as the result of an incident involving a mechanical car. Gordie wanted to buy the toy but he was refused because it was too expensive. He began to curse her vehemently.

"You're just angry because you can't have what you want," said Marion calmly. "It's not only that," said Gordie. "Then you're disappointed because of my marriage," she suggested. "Yes," he replied, "that's it." Encouraged by this opening he went on to talk of his fears regarding the marriage. This open expression of his anxieties had a cleansing and healing effect. She was able to reassure him that nothing between them had changed, whereupon his spirits seemed to lift. It was soon after this incident that he reminded the receptionist at the clinic, "Don't forget that her name isn't Miss Moeller any more. It's Mrs. Harvey."

Gordie continued to have his ups and downs. Not all of them could be explained, for the pressures and drives that mern are human conduct are often so mysterious that they defy identification. But in the main he was becoming a happier healthier boy. His relationship with his psychiatrist was an harmonious one. Once on the way home from clinic after losing three checker games he told Marion, "What's the difference who wins? It's fun playing." In his own way he had solved one of his thorniest problems—how to let Rosen, when he was the winner at checkers, take the red men and move first. He would ask the doctor to leave the room for a few minutes. When Rosen returned he would find the checkerboard correctly set with Gordie hiding under the table. After the doctor went through the pretense of finding him the game would proceed uneventfully. At tea time he shared the refreshments easily and limited himself to two spoonfuls of sugar.

He was getting along better with people. He seemed to have grasped the idea that if you treated others nicely they reciprocated. He began calling others by name instead of using his customary "he," "she" or "hey you!" A year before he had felt at home only with younger children; now he demanded to be moved in with boys his own age and older. Instead of hopping about excitedly as he talked he could now sit back and discuss things for a half hour at a time. He was handling money with greater restraint; he had saved up almost two dollars to buy a cowboy belt out of his thirty-cent weekly allowance. Because he was now taking a pride in his appearance he ate more. One morning he ate three bowls of porridge for breakfast, explaining, "It's to hide my ribs in flesh." In two test situations—a month's stay at a summer camp and a two-week holiday on a farm—Gordie proved that he could get along well in an unfamiliar setting.

## Not To Move Anywhere

By September 1949 Rosen and Mrs. Harvey, as well as their co-workers, were in agreement that the time had come to end the visits to clinic. Ending a course of psychiatric treatment is seldom easy. "In his day-to-day living Gordie was going to have to face many separations from persons he liked," says Rosen. "He had to learn to take them in his stride. But the tie mustn't be broken without careful preparation lest it unduly disturb the patient." Rosen first discussed the termination of treatment with Gordie toward the end of September—a full four months before his last visit to clinic.

"Do you think you still have to keep coming here?" asked Rosen.

"Yes, every week," replied Gordie.

"Are you unhappy? Do you have problems that are bothering you?"

"No."

"Only children with problems come here. You had problems when you started coming here. You were hardly eating. You weren't getting along with other people."

"I am O.K. now. I get along O.K."

"Then you really don't need to come here any more."

"I do. I want to come here to play. I don't want to move anywhere except closer to here."

Rosen continued to bring up the subject on every subsequent visit. Finally on Jan. 5, 1950, he reminded Gordie that this was to be their last regular hour together. Gordie protested. "It's not. I'll be back a lot more times." Rosen suggested that he could pay him the occasional social call but that the regular visits were over. They then sat down to play checkers together for the last time. Gordie's playing was disorganized and when he lost he became resentful and silent. When the time came to leave he demanded a penny. He was refused. Angrily he thrust out his hand. "What I want to know is are you or aren't you going to give me a penny?" The psychiatrist stood his ground. Without a word the boy turned and stamped out of the office. "I said good-by to him," says Rosen, "but he only looked back over his shoulder and gave me a look of disdain."

Gordie was upset all the way home. He observed to Marion, "The doctor's a stingy thing. He doesn't like me. He wouldn't even give me a penny."

"I don't think you really believe that," she said. "Perhaps you're only feeling badly because it's hard to accept the fact that the visits to clinic are now over."

Gordie sobbed, shaking his head in acquiescence.

A few days later, on his own initiative, he phoned Rosen and made an appointment to see him on Jan. 26. "I went to say good-by to you properly," he explained. The last visit turned out to be a congenial one. They played checkers, had tea, chatted about the future. There were tears in Gordie's eyes when he said good-by but he promised to look in on the doctor once in a while.

The home-finding department of the Children's Aid Society now began a search for suitable foster parents. They found them at last in Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Laughton (a fictitious name) who operate a one-hundred-acre farm about seventy miles from Toronto.

I visited Gordie at the Laughton farm a few weeks ago. Everybody who knew him speaks of him as "a changed boy." He's grown several inches, he's put on weight, and his tanned face and sparkling eyes reflect an inner cheerfulness and contentment. His days are busy and productive. In the summer he's up at seven feeding the five hundred hens which are his own responsibility. He carefully cultivates his own private corner of the family vegetable garden. He told me proudly, "Sometimes I go out working with the men." He can drive a tractor, manage a team of horses and mend fences. "He's a great little guy and a wonderful helper," says Bruce Laughton, a lanky farmer. Once a feeding problem, Gordie now packs away as much food as an adult.

Mrs. Laughton, a handsome woman in her early forties with a strong warm personality, boasted that Gordie had passed into Grade Five. During the school year she supervises his homework, giving him special help with spelling, which is his weakest subject. "He's an affectionate and considerate child," she says. "Each time he comes into the house he puts up his face for a kiss." A short time ago when Mrs. Laughton mentioned to her husband that she wanted a spray gun to kill flies, Gordie promptly went to his penny bank and offered to buy her one from his savings—a precious nest egg of $2.25 which he has been laying aside to buy a camera. Whenever he buys a candy bar or a bag of popcorn he offers to share it with the rest of the family, which consists of two other boys much older than himself.

On rare occasions Gordie is still haunted by painful memories of the past. Once he returned home from school pale and trembling and fell into Mrs. Laughton's arms. A boy had told him that he was going to be sent away from the farm. Another time, when in bed with a high fever, he deliriously pleaded, "Please take care of me ... please look after me ... please don't send me away." Mrs. Laughton slept with him for the next few weeks until he was well on the way to recovery.

I asked Gordie about his future plans. "I don't know yet exactly what I want to be," he said. "But I like living here. I have friends and we go fishing and hunting and swimming and on picnics. Perhaps I'll be a farmer. I like that kind of work." He's happy too about his little sister Elsie: their mother now finds it possible to care for her.

As Gordie jumped on his bicycle and pedaled down the country road to fetch the mail Mrs. Laughton said to me, "He's a wonderful kid. He's going to amount to something some day. He's got an awful big chunk of our hearts." ★





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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

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This confirms the assumption that the answer to the question of many Canadian shoppers "What will be new about Simpsons-Sears" lies largely in the answer to another question "What is the Sears system and how does it work" And since Simpsons-Sears states that eighty five percent of its purchases will be from Canadian sources those who hope to do business with the new company will also be interested in the Sears system.

Sears favors the "known cost" approach also called the "all cards on the table" system. That means a Sears executive told me "that the manufacturer tells us the exact cost of every inch of material that goes into the product his precise labor cost and his overhead itemized in detail. We scrutinize these figures carefully quite frankly with an eye to keeping costs low. Low costs mean low selling prices and high volume of sales—and without those there wouldn't be any Sears. It's easy for our experts to decide on the fairness of labor and material costs but overhead is something else again. That big car the boss drives to work—and takes his family to the summer cottage week ends — is that charged against the company's overhead"

"'Sure' is the answer. The income-tax people accept it. Sears' attitude is that that is a matter between the taxation officials and the plant owner, but we don't want our customers to pay his inflated welfare no matter what he puts over on the government. Out comes the car from the overhead figure.

"Then there might be old Uncle Jack. He never amounted to much never did much work because the family's business was always good for a handout. Somebody has to take care of Uncle Jack so why not put him on the plant payroll at fifty dollars a week with an imaginary title and charge it up to income tax" New Sears certainly has no objection to industrial sociology—heaven knows, we have about the biggest army of employee benefits of any company in the world—but Uncle Jack doesn't never has and never will contribute a brick to the product we're buying. And a couple of cents added to the unit cost in the manufacturing stage may add up to a dime on our store counter—maybe the difference between a good but and a mediocre buy. So out comes Uncle Jack from the overhead.

"But that's only the beginning. Our buyers—we have two hundred and seventy buying supervisors and buyers who are really procurement and merchandising experts—find other normal costs which can be lopped off. Advertising for example because Sears sells under its own trade names and does its own advertising and we are among the top users of advertising space in the country selling costs because Sears goes out after the goods it needs instead of waiting for salesmen to call. Those two items alone may account for fifteen to twenty-five per-cent of a manufacturer's price. Then there's warehousing costs and reserves for credit losses. We take immediate delivery and pay cash so these two items also can come off the cost of the goods we buy and off the cost of the goods we sell too.

It seemed to me that many a Canadian manufacturer suddenly confronted with a proposition like that might draw himself up to his full height and show the Sears man the door. And I pointed that out.

"You mean the man who says, 'You go to the devil we'll run our business in our own way.' Yes we've encountered them. Some of them we still can't do business with but a lot of them are among our best and happiest suppliers today. Our system really works and we can prove it in figures. We have approximately twenty thousand suppliers in all parts of the country and even some in Canada. Cream separators are the items that comes to mind. All our cream separators are made in Canada. Well among our suppliers the great majority have been with us more than five years half of them for ten years or more. Over thousand of them for twenty-five years and nearly a thousand for thirty five years or more.

"There's more to the Sears buying system than poking our nose into other people's affairs. Our need for planning stocks far in advance for mail order and for regional warehouses means we can often place big orders which a manufacturer can run off in otherwise slack seasons having off his overhead and keeping his working force on the payroll. One of the big hazards of seasonal manufacture is having to lay off skilled workers who may have to go elsewhere for employment—and perhaps stay away. Sears usually has one hundred and fifty thousand town mowers manufactured by Jan 1; three hundred and fifty thousand storm windows assembled by the beginning of June; two million blankets ready by May 1; and two hundred thousand toy trains ready to roll by the end of April. Those delivery dates are so far ahead of the usual seasonal requirements of most of a manufacturer's customers that he can produce for other buyers in addition to turning out big orders for us.

"We can often show a manufacturer how to rearrange his production machinery for greater efficiency and lower costs how he can modernize procedures how a slight change in design of a product will speed up production and cut costs. That's part of the function of our merchandise development department. It costs Sears more than a million dollars a year but its services is free to our suppliers. We sometimes give our suppliers even more basic advice like where to locate a plant to take advantage of lower costs and closer raw material supplies. And we back up that advice with financial support. We advanced one manufacturer seven hundred thousand dollars to build a stove factory in Tennessee and loaned another six hundred thousand to erect a tire plant in Mississippi.

"If the supplier needs money for materials or machinery Sears often realties for its through book. At present Sears has twenty million dollars out on loan for that purpose. In many instances Sears installs its own tools dies and machinery in a supplier's factory at a cost of three million to four million dollars a year.

Its elaborate buying system is not aimed at shaving the profits of suppliers Sears insists. "We are" said Theodore V. Houser vice-chairman of the board "more interested in what a manufacturer does with his profits than in how much those profits are. We would rather see a manufacturer make ten twelve or fifteen percent net and reinvest part of it in improved facilities than for him to make half that profit and make no reinvestment in his business. That's only good sense from our viewpoint too. The first man becomes a constantly improving more efficient source of supply for us the second man has higher and higher costs as obsolescence gradually takes over until he can no longer afford to sell in our price range.

I wanted to talk to a typical Sears supplier and chose a name at random from the Chicago roster.

Sam Flotnick still in his twenties is co-director of the family luggage business. I found Sam in the Palmer House Hotel where the National Luggage and Leather Goods Show was in progress. The Flotnick Oshkosh Luggage Company occupied several connected sample rooms piled high with colorful streamlined pleasant smelling luggage and filled with a milling mob of department store buyers from New York Chicago Boston and as far west as Los Angeles.

Sam mopped his brow. "Right now" he said "Sears are my favorite customers. We don't have to go through three to sell them suitcases. This show is costing us plenty but none of it gets charged to the Sears line of course. But we have to get in on the show to sell to the other department stores and right there you've got one reason why Sears can sell the same luggage cheaper.

"Just now we're making a line of luggage for Sears that we're mighty proud of." Sears came to us and said "Make us a suitcase the best that can be made regardless of price." So we made up some samples using the highest quality materials throughout. Sears took them and gave some to people in the company who travel a lot. The rest they sent to their research department—the torture chamber we call it. A couple of weeks later they came back to us. 'Look' they said 'your suitcases are all right except for one thing.' When we fill them with heavy stuff and drop them from a height a few hundred times the rackers—those metal knobs under each corner that the suitcase stands on—get pushed up into the frame.'

"So we put metal reinforcing plates under the knobs and sent back a new batch of samples. Those passed all the torture tests. Then Sears asked about the cost. I told them. They said 'That's out of our price class. Let's go down the line and see what we can do.'

"So their luggage experts and ours studied every single step every procedure that went into making that suitcase. We figure we know quite a lot about making suitcases but the Sears people know a lot too. They showed us that a hot press process we used in fitting the lining wasn't necessary how some frills in the fittings could be cut without affecting serviceability how a less elaborate lock would

NEXT ISSUE

THE MEN BEHIND THE MERGER

In a rousing, meticulous Eric Hutton follows the careers of the fabulous merchants who built the Sears and Simpsons empires and what has now brought them together in Canada

IN MACLEAN'S NOV. 1


SUCCESSFUL MEN PREFER PALMOLIVE



PHOTO BY A. J. TAUSS

MOYE WHITNEY—ORCHESTRA LEADER

The reason more successful men use Palmolive Shave Cream than any other brand is that Palmolive—made with special skin-conditioning oils—gives them cleaner, closer-lasting shaves.

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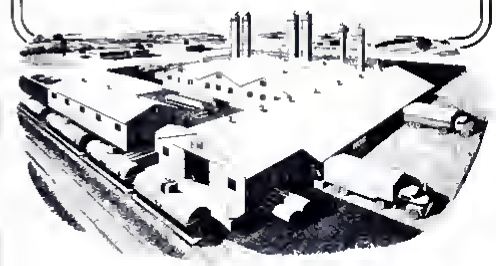


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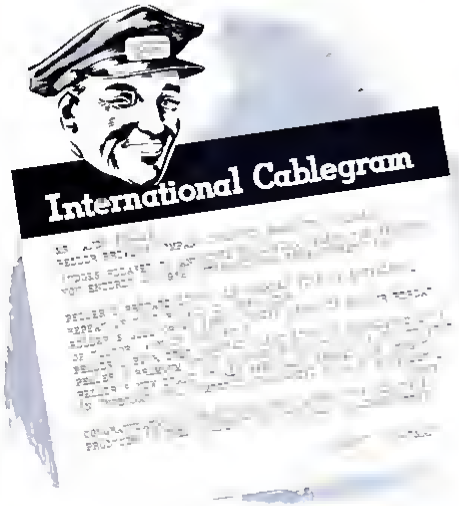
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do the same job and last as long as a more expensive one

"Well we finally get the price down into the Sears range—without having to share our profit margin. But what pleased us most was that all the testing that rug had undergone made it what Sears labels a Four Star Fearless, which means it stands up in quality to any top-grade item of the same kind. What's specially good about that from the supplier's viewpoint is that only Four Star products are compulsory for Sears store managers to stock.

That seemed an extraordinary statement. Surely a merchant who bought half a billion items a year, and whose very existence depended on selling those items, would insist that the stock on hand be offered for sale in every mail outlet he owned. Surely no individual store manager could rate as a top-level buying supervisor. You may have bought that line of shoes or glassware or children's dresses but I don't want them in my store." But that turned out to be the way things are.

"I'm afraid," commented vice-chairman Theodore Houser, "that we are the despair of scientific management students and thesis writers who are constantly coming to look us over and ferret out our 'master plan' to resolve the Sears system into graphs and charts and directives. There is very little order giving in Sears from the board chairman down to the fledgling manager of the least of Sears retail stores.

"Nobody tells a Sears store manager what goods he will stock. He is his own boss and his own buyer. In the same way Sears merchandise development department is a high level bureau whose function is to evolve constantly better and more attractive merchandise cannot force a stock procurer to adopt its ideas. When the Sears display department develops a better display table or a superior stock fixture it has no power to set them up in the stores until the zone vice-president, the district supervisor and the store managers agree that the tables and fixtures are an improvement. As one executive put it: 'Sears sells to nearly everybody and nearly everybody in Sears has to sell to everybody else in Sears.' Here indeed are the ingredients of chaos.

"A lot of people," Houser admits, "just can't operate in the Sears atmosphere. They feel frustrated at the very idea of trying to get results—in fact at being responsible for results—when they have no power to back their decisions with orders. Responsibility and authority are supposed to go hand in hand, that is an old business maxim. But we violate it. A buying supervisor, for example, is responsible for having even up to one hundred million dollars' worth of goods in his particular line each year. But his responsibility does not end there; he is also responsible for the sales built for the actual sales and for the profits on his line. Yet he cannot order any store manager to carry any particular item in this line.

"How Sears manages to create a tremendously efficient organization out of all this potential frustration is explained by Houser. We bring in carefully selected young men, then grow up in this atmosphere and it becomes natural to them to operate in this fashion. The idea has to be lived with to be fully understood. The idea of a flexible and democratic way of doing things so that conceptions and many decisions flow upward from the bottom or middle instead of from the top down. We have developed an atmosphere of confidence, trust and respect between individuals.

So well does Sears "every man his


## YOU WILL RUMEMBER



The wonderful qualities of this fine "Navy Type" Rum have made it a favourite throughout the world since the days of Nelson.





own boss" system work that to cite a really bad breakdown of buying and selling co-operation the company has to reach away back to the time when an overenthusiastic buyer laid in a stock of a million copies of the novel Ben Hur and a year later was left with seven hundred thousand. They finally had to be given away as premiums and Sears executives decided that public taste in books was too unpredictable to be entrusted to the judgment of any one person. As a result Sears founded the People's Book Club which relies for its choice of books on a jury of five hundred of the club's quarter million members. The jury members, chiefly women living in small towns, are sent each month a candidate volume in advance, read it in and fill out questionnaires. The book which scores highest becomes next month's selection. "Our books," a Sears executive said, "are invariably clean and heart warming—and very popular with our book club members."

Sears laughs at the theory that Canadian retail prices are often higher than American retail prices because Canadian factories operate on a smaller scale. One Sears executive told me: "Some goods of course must be produced in quantity to achieve economy but in many operations a small factory can operate more efficiently than a larger one and provide a better unit

### MUTUAL ATTRACTION

With Justice at the ringside stage
There still remained a gleam of hope
That green time had reach an age
Requiring less soap

But since he ran and he walk we've found
He now explores with greater vim
He covers lots and lots more ground
And more ground means him.

P. J. BLACKWELL

cost. A medium-sized factory with a top-heavy executive structure for example can easily saddle one dollar's worth of labor with two and a half dollars in overhead. Sears setup proves that small factories belong to the mass-distribution picture."

Sears maintains that its own function in distributing manufactured products can make a bigger contribution to today's North American way of life than the manufacturing process itself and is more in need of improvement. Houser points out: "A man's shirt can be manufactured in one and a half man hours but under the old system of distribution it takes the equivalent of six and a half man hours to get that shirt out of the factory and into a customer's fold. A bicycle made in five and a half hours takes three to ten times that long to get in the user's hands. A gallon of paint which takes twenty-four minutes to make takes two and a half hours to get sold to the customer. And no value is added to any of these products by the distributing time."

Sears concentrates on cutting the distributing time. The process can be seen in action in any Sears retail store. I walked with Ruell Caldwell, operating superintendent of a suburban Chicago Sears store, through the wide aisles designed to move a maximum volume of human traffic. Probably the most striking feature of a Sears store is the color. Sears buyers are extremely color-conscious, and so apparently are the customers. Even such traditionally white or plated articles as refrigerators or toasters are colored. Rugs, drapes, dresses seem to have a sharper tone than elsewhere.

"There was a time," Caldwell admitted, when we had some violent color clashes. We cured that by instituting a color-control system right through the Sears organization. Now any Sears color whether in a carpet made in the south or in a fabric made in New England matches, blends or contrasts harmoniously. It has certainly made a Sears floor easier to live with."

Typically Sears is the plan of making women wear into impulse buying items pulling dresses and millinery at the entrances. "It was a tradition as old as retailing, I suppose that dresses were second floor goods," Caldwell explained. "That was because they were expensive and bought after deliberation. So there was no reason why they should not be put out of the way on the second floor. But with our prices we feel that women can take a look come in and buy a dress just as they would a piece of costume jewelry that happened to catch their eye."

Sears low price range has tended to make the typical Sears customer a person in the lower or middle income bracket. Sears is trying to change that. "Upper bracket people seem to think that price is the inevitable index of quality," Caldwell says, "but our new stores in suburban locations are helping to overcome that idea. Out here there are a lot of twenty-five thousand and thirty thousand dollar houses. I notice the women from those houses come in to make little purchases but they always walk by the dresses without looking. Too cheap. Some day one of them will pick up a kid's playsuit or a housedress and find the quality is as good as the big stores downtown and the price a lot less. Then we'll have a whole new class of customer."

Sears does not believe the widely held idea that women spend from seventy-five to ninety percent of a family's income and the company has always catered strongly to the male shopper. The typical Sears basement is a paradise for the handyman and hobbyist. Service garages where anything from a coffee pin to a new engine can be installed while you wait are attached to all Sears stores.

Among Sears proudest possessions is the lowest employee turnover of any organization of comparable size in the U.S. Not long ago Sears hired an independent research organization to survey the company's staff on the subject of job satisfaction. The result: nine-five percent of all ranks declared Sears the best place to work that we know of.

At Simpson's there appears to be a difference of opinion in high places as to the happiness of the Simpson's worker. Board chairman J. Burton once described his staff as "a union." Imparting personnel of increasing enthusiasm and added that the people in the store like their work as much as I do. They love it. But shortly before he became president of Simpson's Edgar Burton stated with regret that nearly fifty percent of our staff are what I would call floaters. It has been most difficult to train these people to do a proper job.

Both Sears and Simpson's provide a comprehensive array of employee benefits. The Simpson's program will apply to Simpsons-Sears employees including a profit-sharing fund, pension plan, sick pay, contributory group life insurance and Blue Cross hospitalization




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**LEMON HART Rum Recipe**

PLANTER'S PUNCH Into a shaker filled with cracked ice put 1½ ounces LEMON HART rum, juice of 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon of sugar. Shake well, strain into a tall glass filled with finely cracked ice and decorate with fresh fruit and cherry. Serve with a straw.





Actually the Simpson's list of benefits is longer than the Sears', with such features as a girls' residence on Sherbourne Street, Toronto, and the unique Gleneron Hall on the banks of the Credit River, eighteen miles west of Toronto, a country home where Simpson's employees recuperate from illness, all expenses paid including transportation from any part of Canada, on full salary.

But all benevolences of both companies are insignificant compared with Sears' eye-popping profit-sharing and retirement program. Recently an immigrant who joined the company as a mail-order stock picker thirty-five years ago retired. He never climbed much higher than the simple job of fetching items to make up orders, but on his last day of work his pay envelope contained two cheques, one for his week's pay—the other for one hundred and ten thousand dollars. That was the sum he was entitled to under the Sears saving plan. A woman clerk with a little more than thirty years' service received ninety thousand dollars. Today one hundred and nine thousand Sears employees are members of the fund which assures them of being rich men and women one day.

Sears workers put five percent of their earnings into the fund, up to a maximum of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. The company in turn contributes a percentage of profits on a sliding scale—nine percent when the profits are more than one hundred millions a year, as they have been for some time and appear likely to remain. Last year's company contribution was twenty-seven millions, bringing the fund's total to more than four hundred millions. Most of the money is invested in Sears stock, so that Sears employees own by far the largest block of stock—twenty-four percent. The next largest single holding is two percent, owned by the estate of Julius Rosenwald, a former Sears president.

Sears' interest in public opinion is intense, and is a byproduct of its very bigness, which has long made the firm subject to attack. In the past small-town and rural merchants who resented the intrusion Sears wares held for local residents have taken some strange countermeasures. In one town an anti-Sears jeweler launched a joke which soon swept the nation—without doing Sears any apparent harm. "Sears watches are a real bargain," goes the joke; "they cost only half as much as other watches—but they run twice as fast." In some towns prizes were offered to children who gathered the largest number of Sears catalogues, which were then burned in the civic square; elsewhere merchants paid a flat rate of a dime per catalogue brought in for destruction; theatres held "Sears catalogue nights," admitting anyone free who headed in a catalogue. A candidate for mayor in an Idaho town offered this campaign platform: "Any town employee found buying from Sears will be fired."

It is highly unlikely Sears will meet with such a reception in Canada—since in a very real sense Sears is merely coming back home after an absence of sixty-one years, just too late to celebrate its Canadian diamond jubilee.

Because the partnership of Sears and Roebuck started nowhere else than in Toronto. In fact it started in a narrow little store, with a stock of watches and trinkets worth exactly $2,350, a few steps away from a big beautiful new store to which every morning a tall handsome gentleman in top hat and frock coat drove his carriage and pair—a gentleman named Robert Simpson. That is another story, to be told in the next issue of this magazine. ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

therefore, when the CBC started hiring people for TV last spring. Among the first to be taken on were seven men from the Film Board staff.

A dispute broke out which by mid-August had got all the way up to the Cabinet and back again.

The CBC said it would be happy to use Film Board material, newsreels or anything else, "if the price is right"—but Film Board prices sounded very high, as did private companies' prices. Some CBC men figured they could make their own news shots for a tenth of what the professionals were quoting. To this the Film Board replied that the CBC's cost estimates were just plain ignorant.

On both sides the real and serious point went unspoken. The CBC guards very jealously its control of its own news. It is wary of the notion that its news material should be made by "a government department."

The Film Board sees this point but insists it is not a government department. One reason why the Film Board people are so anxious to make TV films for the CBC may be their desire for a large steady volume of work from a nonpolitical source. They want the principle firmly and early established that the production, distribution and exchange of motion pictures is the Film Board's business.

The matter went before a cabinet meeting this summer. Bob Winters was away so it wasn't very thoroughly discussed. It was sent back to CBC chairman A. D. Dunton and Film Commissioner W. A. Irwin with instructions to find a compromise.

n ● n

If parliament doesn't set up some kind of a commission on redistribution of parliamentary seats before the next census rolls around I'll never believe a politician again. To hear them talk this summer you'd think redistribution was sheer agony for all parties.

A prime example was the job that had to be done in Nova Scotia, where the dropping of one seat involved changes in the ridings of George Nowlan, national president of the Progressive Conservative Association, and Hon. Robert Winters, Minister of Resources and Development. The town of Digby was added to Nowlan's riding.

Nowlan thought this the result of a Liberal plot. The matter had been debated at a Maritime subcommittee on redistribution and Nowlan thought everyone agreed to a split that made all three ridings the same size. Later this plan was dropped—because, says Nowlan, the minister didn't like it. The result, said Nowlan, was to load him down with the biggest rural electorate in the country, add a normally Liberal town to his constituency and generally threaten him with defeat at the next election.

Liberals admit that Bob Winters didn't like the original plan but they say he turned it down for very different reasons. By the scheme now adopted Winters' riding is increased by a chunk that normally votes Progressive Conservative. The plan favored by Nowlan would have given Winters an additional chunk which is overwhelmingly Liberal. Winters flatly refused to expose himself to the charge of fixing the redistribution to make his own riding safe.

This is the kind of misunderstanding that makes parties suspicious of each other and the public suspicious of them all. The only way to take the emotion out of redistribution is to give the job to a nonpolitical commission. ★



# MAILBAG

## THE NEW BROOM IN B. C.

The result of the British Columbia election (How Social Credit Took B.C., Sept. 1) was clearly a rebuff to the two old-line parties, the Liberals having become too strong a "party machine" after years in office, the Conservatives a weak "clinging vine" during the coalition period. A new broom was demanded. Should Social Credit make good, the result in the next federal election may also see a change.—Carlten S. Hester, Creston, B.C.

● Through the transferable voting system the party getting the most popular votes was juggled into defeat while a minority group was juggled into office, and now a new election seems to be most likely.—H. C. Kingston, Vancouver.

● Mac Reynolds' article gives the impression Alberta moved in after the convention and then, not until then, did Social Credit start to move, which is not the case, as it was moving and gaining momentum for nearly three years. True we got invaluable help from Alberta, but would you call about [illegible] people an invasion?—Jack Kenny, Mission City, B.C.

● Social Credit is not the answer. It served the twenty percent (not the eighty percent poor). If they stay four years they will do well. But they will have to be more daring.—Ernest Hemsworth, Prince Rupert, B.C.

### Donald Near The Throttle

In Blair Fraser's article, Big Donald At The Throttle (Aug. 15), the statement occurs, "It ended in the first railway strike Canada has ever had." If Fraser means the first strike of the running trades he may be right, but the Grand Trunk had a six-week strike in 1899 when the section men, who were getting $1 for a ten-hour day, went out for more money. They finally got $1.10.—A. W. Scott, Vancouver.

● There is a photograph of Donald Gordon at the controls of a CNR diesel engine. He is on the left side



of the engine; the throttle and the rest of the controls are on the right side.—Angus McCoshen, Seven Islands, Que.

*Well, it wasn't rolling, anyway.*

● Fraser didn't portray the CNR president as a man who can work twenty-five hours a day and go without sleep, which seems to be the outstanding characteristic of Maclean's famous Canadians. This is not intended as criticism of Mr. Gordon, as he is as good a man as we deserve.—Geo. S. Bowen, Kelowna, B.C.

### Horror, Disgust And Revolt

I write to express my horror at seeing our beloved Buckingham Palace referred to in Maclean's (Aug. 15) as "Buck House." It is degrading and horrible in the worst possible manner.—Mabel Sylvester Mallett, Hove, Eng.

● A feeling of revolt and disgust came over me.—Katherine Maw, Toronto.

### False Pretences

That editorial of yours, CNE Not Canadian Not National (Sept. 1) is a very well done piece. The CNE has



been too long a time in operation under false pretences.—J. F. Beasard, Toronto.

### The Salty Jackpot

Ive Sclanders hit the jackpot when he wrote The Salty Spell of St. Andrews (Aug. 1)—my old home town. One thing he omitted is the story of an old friend Frank Byrne who at seventy-seven still swims daily in the numbing cold of the Bay of Fundy from early spring until the snow flies.—Ruth Hanson Bishop, Edmonton.

● Sclanders claims that St. Andrews was the site of Canada's first paper mill. Canada's first paper mill was in St. Andrews-East, Lower Quebec, at [illegible], which it was built and first operated by a group of New Englanders in 1803-1805.—Beatrice Robertson, St. Andrews East, Que.

### The Smell Of Culture

At last I've heard [illegible] [illegible] Lady. When [illegible] In [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Magic [illegible] Mann herself who was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of Eskimo [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] Reader, Fort William, Ont. ●





● When the nerves pressing against neuralgic pain strikes you want relief in a hurry. And here is a way to get it quickly with Absorbine Jr. Don't be generally satisfied with [illegible] neuralgia pain may be largely caused by pressure [illegible] on nerves [illegible] tissues. So [illegible] to become tender and swollen. That is how [illegible] simply nature's call for help. You can get blessed relief fast by rubbing Absorbine Jr. on the sore spot. [illegible] helps to counter pressure which may be causing your misery. At the same time it warms and soothes the painful spot. The speed with which it acts will amaze you. Thousands rely on Absorbine Jr. for its quick relief from neuralgic and rheumatic pain, from sore aching muscles. It's $1.25 a bottle at all drugstores. Get Absorbine Jr. today.

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# Dramatic True Stories Explain Why Ronson is Canada's Favourite Lighter



**TALE OF AN INDIAN, A NURSE AND A CROW**

At an Indian Reservation up in Alaska, Mrs Marvin D Williams a Public Health Nurse lost her Ronson. Three months later [illegible] an Indian beheld a crow. It roosted on a roof and in its beak was the long lost Ronson lighter

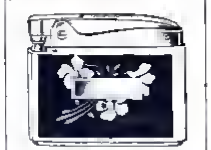
The Indian *retrieved* it. Nurse Williams scarcely *believed* it. For that Ronson *still* lights to this day. What lighter but Ronson, made with precision, could survive such an adventure



GIFT FOR ANY SMOKER—[illegible]

**INSIDE STORY**

You don't [illegible] and other [illegible] survivors [illegible] give each of [illegible] persons like Ronson. [illegible] costs [illegible]



G FE FOR A LADY—[illegible]

*To Give and to Get It's Canada's Favourite 3 to 1 Over All Other Lighters Combined*



A FE FOR AN EXECUTIVE

RONSON

WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER


# PARADE

AT OTTAWA'S Brighton Beach one sweltering afternoon last August children and grownups alike were having a wonderful time splashing in the Rideau River till one of the mothers repeated a rumor that a polio case had been discovered locally. Several other mothers began worrying too and a general exodus was just about under way when suddenly everybody relaxed. Into the water strode a large dark-haired man recognized by all. He was Paul Martin, Minister of Health and Welfare.

• • •

In Burlington, Ont., a visitor calling on a young married couple during the early evening marveled at the speed with which their five children were bathed and put to bed. "How do you ever manage to bath them all so quickly?" he asked.




"Oh, it's not too bad," replied the mother. "I wash and Bill wipes."

• • •

When HMS Sheffield called at Victoria last August, a party of four navy men and their wives were shown around by a sailor in civilian clothes who was extremely helpful. The men wanted to show their appreciation and, as they said good-by, each slipped a dollar bill to the guide. When they opened the paper that night at home there was a picture of their guide—wearing the three sleeve stripes of a commander.

• • •

A farmer in Yarmouth County, N.S., brought a young motherless fawn home to be fed on a nursing bottle and the family soon tamed him into a wonderful pet. "Aren't you worried the hunters will get him?" asked a friend visiting the farm just before the deer season opened.

"Well, we think we've got that problem licked," replied the farmer. He led the visitor behind the barn. There stood Bambi, decked out in a bright red jacket with a red cloth flying from his stubby tail.

A regular customer at a Vancouver coffee shop seemed to be jinxed by a saucer that had a bump on the bottom which made it rock. One day, when it turned up far about the dozenth time, the customer drank his coffee and picked up the saucer, paid the cashier a dime for the coffee and a dime for the saucer, smashed it nodded pleasantly, and walked out.

• • •

Walking to his store, a businessman in St. Marys, Ont., noticed passers-by were giving him curious stares. He checked but could find nothing out of the ordinary in his appearance: tie, shoes, suit were as usual. He kept walking, completely mystified, till a friend stopped him and reached up and plucked out the letter his wife had tucked neatly in his hatband to be posted.

• • •

In P.E.I., a tourist who stopped an a country road to ask the route to Cavendish was waved on his way with the following: "If you're a gambler, take this road. If you want to get there, take that other."

• • •

After a Saturday night show, a couple in Kenogami, Que., paused to chat with friends, stopped for coffee at a restaurant, and had just reached home after a leisurely stroll when the husband exclaimed: "I've got to go back to the movie. I've forgotten something."

"Goodness, you're really getting absent-minded," complained his wife indignantly. "What on earth could you possibly leave at the movie?"

"The car," he replied.

• • •

On a radio quiz show over station CFBC, Saint John, N.B., a housewife was struggling vainly to answer the question. The announcer stalled and stalled, but finally had to say: "Well, I'm sorry. Just then the housewife blurted out the answer.



"Was that a guess?" asked the announcer.

"No," she replied. "A perfect stranger just opened my front door and yelled in the answer."

*Parade pays $5 to $10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.*





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[illegible]

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